

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton  
1965



JENNIFER W. MAY, 1965.



# Per Annos

June 1965



HONORARY EDITOR  
Miss Gillard

EDITOR  
Sydney McDowell

LITERARY EDITOR  
Barbara Brockunier

SCHOOL YEAR EDITOR  
Margot Grant

ADVERTISING EDITORS  
Sarah Collin  
Cathlyn Cook

VI A: Victoria Nelson  
Sheila Reid  
VI B: Jane Bowen  
Ann McInnes

FORM REPRESENTATIVES  
Matric: Susan Buchan

ART EDITORS  
Priscilla Barker  
Jean Walbridge

PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR  
Denise Shalom  
SPORTS EDITOR  
Beverly Bryant

V A: Norah Carter  
IV B: Deborah Hornig  
IV A: Linda McTier

STAFF ADVISERS  
Miss Morris                      Miss Evans  
Miss MacLennan              Miss May



## MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Back Row: M. GRANT; P. BARKER; C. COOK.  
Middle Row: D. SHALOM; B. BROCKUNIER; S. McDOWELL;  
B. BRYANT.  
Front Row: S. BUCHAN; S. COLLIN; J. WALBRIDGE.

# Editorial

## "THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING"

Our pudding has been in the making for three months, which is just long enough to let the brandy (disguised as good spirits) permeate the entire magazine. It has been a stimulating experience to be chief mixer of the pudding — everyone has worked to her capacity so that our magazine has the benefit of many stirrers. As is customary everyone had at least one stir. It is indeed difficult to name the more proficient ones individually as they are so numerous, but they fall into the following categories: members of the Staff who corrected and typed the many literary efforts; those who handed in contributions enabling the literary department to have a wide basis for better selection; the typists in general; the Form representatives; all those who during harrassed moments corrected galleys; the Advertising committee for supplying that most necessary ingredient with which to buy the provisions, and the Editorial staff for tasting, debating and improving.

## A Tribute

It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of James Skuse at his home in Compton on April fifth, nineteen hundred and sixty-five. He was known affectionately to hundreds of King's Hall girls as "Jimmy".

Jimmy suffered a heart attack some weeks before he died. Had he lived until October, he would have completed fifty-two years of loyal service. One Old Girl in speaking of Jimmy paid

him the following tribute: "He was such a nice man, always so kind and polite; he always smiled and held the door open for us." I would like to add that nothing was ever too much trouble for Jimmy if it was going to give pleasure to others. It saddens us to realize that never again shall we hear the cry which, over the years, has been so familiar, "Take it to Jimmy; he will fix it for you."



Miss Gillard



King's Hall,  
May 1st, 1965.

My Dear Girls:

Last Spring the Royal Bank sent out a letter addressed particularly to those leaving High School and College. Whoever wrote it was very wise, for he embodied in his letter so many of the simple, yet fundamental truths one feels in one's heart, but which most of us are not gifted enough to put into simple words. I am taking the liberty of using that letter as the basis of my message to you all, although I have in mind, particularly, the girls who are leaving us to launch their ship upon the Sea of Life. I trust, however, that there will be something of value, not only for the present graduates, but also for those of us already embarked upon the sea of life, some of us long since.

You, the class of 1965, are about to launch your ship. The knowledge you have acquired is like a chart — of no value except as it is used to steer your ship with understanding and judgment. Life is a voyage, and a happy outcome is due largely to the skill with which you pilot your craft. Every young person can look forward to the day when, instead of that cautious coasting which never ventures to lose sight of land, he will turn his helm and risk a bolder navigation; but he must have provided himself with the required charts and the wisdom to use them. The promise of tomorrow is great for those who sail into it prepared in knowledge and spirit.

In order to help you embark upon your voyage in the right spirit may I offer a few concrete suggestions taken from the same letter.

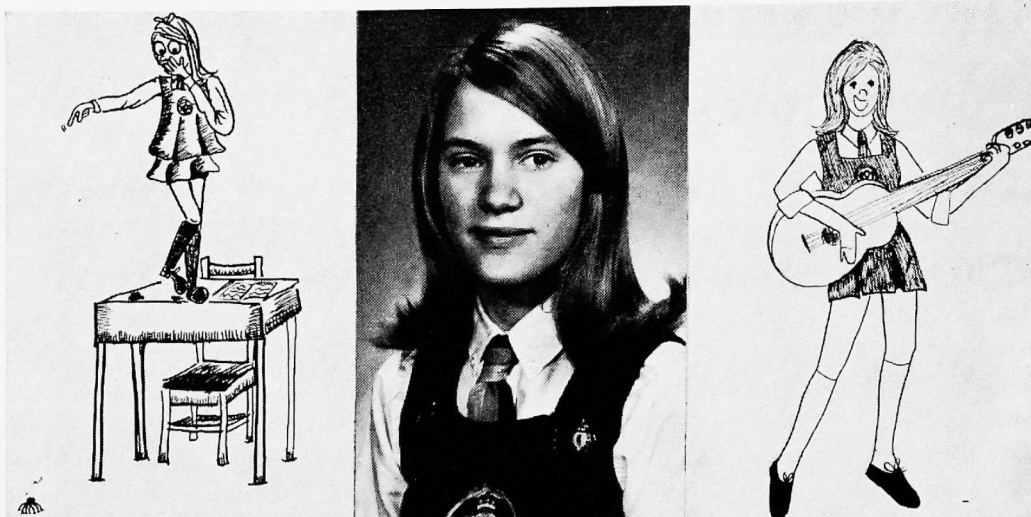
1. Take to heart the famous message of Robert Conwell, first delivered in a lecture in 1870 and since repeated, by request, 6,100 times. "Do what you can, with what you have, where you are to-day."
2. Never stop trying to improve the quality of your knowledge — you must use your brain; work, study, read, think, observe — then do more work.
3. Cultivate three kinds of ability — ability to do things, adaptability to cope with new things, and reliability to do things well.
4. Plato said in his "Republic" 2300 years ago, that the ultimate aim of any education is the building of character. Character leads a man or woman to endure, to do what is disagreeable if he ought to do it, and to refrain from doing what is agreeable if he ought not to do it.
5. Human beings are adapted to a certain amount of struggle for life. The people who make their way from obscurity to "Who's Who" do so by hard work. Success is not won without effort.

I am going to conclude with a quotation which should give each one of us, of no matter what age, food for thought. I keep it always where I can read it and I think it is a good note on which to end this letter.

"Life is a sea, upon which the proud are humbled, the shirker is exposed and the leader is revealed. To sail it safely and reach your desired port you need to keep your charts at hand and up to date, to learn by the experience of others, to stand firm for principles, to broaden your interests, to be understanding of the rights of others to sail the same sea, and to be reliable in the discharge of duty."

Yours affectionately,

*Adelaide Gillard*



H  
E  
A  
D

JOY BALLOCH  
Liverpool, Nova Scotia  
February 3

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions,  
perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer;  
let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."  
Activities:—Form Captain - VI B and Matric; Library Committee;  
Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Assistant  
Crucifer; Junior Red Cross; Current Events Club; Magazine Committee;  
Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming -  
Form, House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating; Badminton.  
Theme Song:—"The Times They Are A-Changin'."  
Ambition:—To go into the Foreign Service.  
Pet Aversion:—Sitting next to dissected cats in Chemistry class.

Head Girl  
Macdonald  
1961-1965

G  
I  
R  
L

## Head Girl's Letter

Dear Girls,

Almost four centuries ago Harrison wrote "Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis," and just recently an American folk singer, Bob Dylan, chose this theme for one of his very well-known songs, "The Times They Are A-Changin'." Being here at King's Hall for just four years, I have noticed an almost palpable, indescribable change in the girls and the life here. The world seems to be moving faster, everyone is aiming higher, more is expected of each individual, and in striving to keep up with the world and everyone else, we seem to lose some of the more precious, immaterial things of life. I do, however, say "seem" because I believe, I know, that in all of you there is still the spark of vitality and the spirit to enjoy yourselves in a simple way, which is just concealed sometimes under the hasty coating of modern living.

Think of the times at school which you honestly enjoy the most — singing songs around the bonfire, walks up Windy in the autumn when everything is "blue and gold," the fun on ski hikes in the winter, curling up with a really good book in the library, listening to the music on Sunday nights. I think quite frankly that these are the times you will remember most in the years to come, and you will realize how superficial people have been in not admitting to themselves that they could find pleasure in something as simple and costless. And the times when you got into trouble for falling in the pond, or having a good honest laugh after lights, or apple-pieing someone's bed — we did not really mind!

This year has been fun, though, for all of us I think, and I really have enjoyed being your Head Girl. As a school you can work together with the enthusiasm and co-operation that anyone would be proud of, and the same spirit is found within each House. The school is not what the Prefects or Staff or Matrics. alone make it; it is what all of you contribute to the group and how you help those in authority. I think you will find that your Matric. year is, of course, the hardest, but also the best because you can notice so many things in the school which by now you have learned to appreciate. When times get hard and you think you will all die from overwork, as we all do at some point, do not, above all, give up! Your school days can be your best, and will be your best if you choose to make them so. Remember too, that the times **are** changing, and you must bend with them, but do not lose the finer qualities which you all have, in the mad rush of the world.

You have the makings of good Matric. classes all through the school, and I can only hope that for each of you as Matrics., there will be as good and as fun-loving a group to work with as I have had. The very best of luck to you, especially next year's Matrics., and thank you all!

Love,

Joy

## Prefects

JUDY STAIRS—"Stairs"  
Kenogami, Quebec  
May 29

Head of Macdonald  
1961-1965

"A man's life is what his thoughts make of it."

Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Library Committee Head; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross Representative to Acadia Conference; Current Events; Ballroom Dancing; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Climb Every Mountain."

Favourite Pastime:—Curling up with a good book.

Pet Aversion:—Slow clearers.

GILLIAN STAINFORTH—"Jill"  
Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
June 5

Prefect on Macdonald  
1959-1965

"Simplicity has given all the big things little names:  
Dawn, Day, Hope, Love, Home, Peace, Life, Death."

Activities:—Form Captain - IV A, V B, V A, VI B; Sports Captain - IV A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Ballroom Dancing; Public Speaking; Cottage Prefect.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Playing tennis.

Ambition:—To trisect an angle.

Pet Aversion:—Snow after clearing the courts in March.

WENDY LEGGAT—"Wen"  
Montreal, Quebec  
August 25

Head of Montcalm  
1960-1965

"While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is Life and Food  
For future years."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross Representative VI A; Current Events; Cottage Prefect.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"I can't wait to see me get out of this one."

Ambition:—To be organized.

Pet Aversion:—People who know exactly what they are doing.

MARY STRATFORD—"Strats"  
Sarnia, Ontario  
January 27

Prefect on Montcalm  
1960-1965

"There is no duty we underrate so much as the duty of being happy."

Activities:—Form Captain - V B, VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Magazine Committee; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Ambition:—To enter Simon Fraser University.

Probable Destination:—A Simple Simon.

Pet Aversion:—People who "help" me with Solitaire.

ANDREA COWANS—"Andy"  
Montreal, Quebec  
February 7

Head of Rideau  
1961-1965

"There's health and goodness in the mirth  
Wherein an honest laugh has birth."

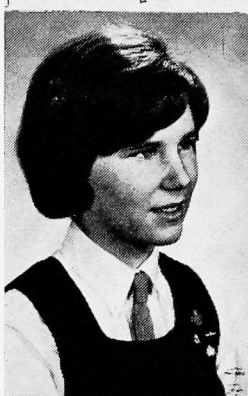
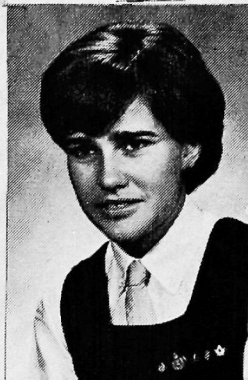
Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

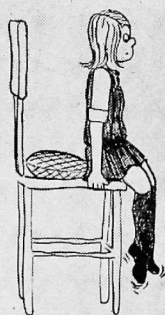
Favourite Pastime:—Trying to find the bottom of my desk.

Ambition:—To go to Middlebury.

Pet Aversion:—Riding a T-bar with someone under four feet.







JOAN EAKIN—"Pie"  
Montreal, Quebec  
October 5

Prefect on Rideau  
1962-1965

"Je m'en vais chercher un grand peut-être."

Activities:—Sports Captain - VI B, VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Oh Pooh!"

Ambition:—To have her feet reach the ground.

Probable Destination:—Manufacturing lower chairs.



JOAN AITKEN—"9-Kin"  
Caracas, Venezuela  
November 30

Residence Captain  
Macdonald  
1961-1965

"Judge not the play before the play is done."

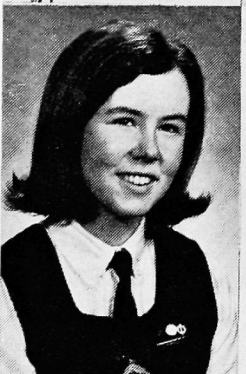
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing.

Ambition:—To teach in South Africa.

Pet Aversion:—People who don't know how to whisper.

Prototype:—Sir Andrew Aguecheek.



SARA ELIZABETH PECK—"Speck"  
Montreal, Quebec  
August 29

Residence Captain  
Rideau  
1962-1965

"For Yesterday is but a Dream,  
And To-morrow is only a Vision;  
But Today well-lived makes  
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,  
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope."

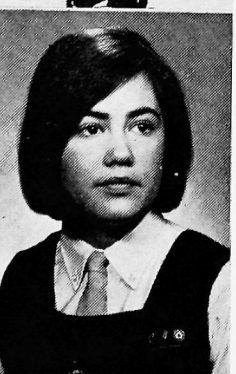
Activities:—Literature Club; Poetry Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross Secretary-Treasurer; Current Events; Magazine Committee.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Funniest darn thing!"

Favourite Pastime:—Doodling.

Ambition:—Professional Doodler.



PRISCILLA BARKER—"Muffy"  
Montreal, Quebec  
February 10

School Sports Captain  
Macdonald  
1962-1965

"There is no love sincerer than the love of food."

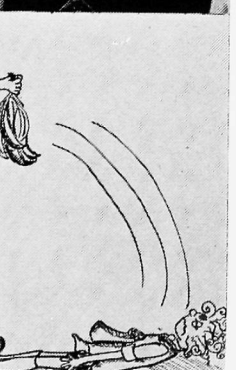
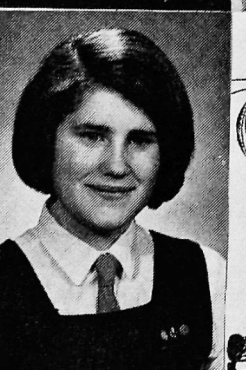
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee - Assistant Advertising Editor VI A; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking; Candy Cupboard Keeper.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Procrastinating.

Ambition:—To find my belongings.

Pet Aversion:—Spring skiing in the mud. . .



LEE ELLSON  
Knowlton, Quebec  
February 8

School Sports Captain  
Macdonald  
1961-1965

"Let thy Speech be better than Silence, or ever be Silent."

Activities:—Sports Captain - V A, VI B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Pastime:—Riding.

Ambition:—To invent a permanent for permanent straight hair.

Pet Aversion:—Bananas.

## Matric Sports Captain

SUSAN BUCHAN—"Suzie"  
Kingston, Jamaica  
October 7

Montcalm  
1961-1965

"The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes,  
but in liking what one is doing."

Activities:—Form Captain - V A; Sports Captain - Matric; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Magazine Committee - Matric Representative.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Favourite Pastime:—Reminding Barb to remember not to forget!

Pet Aversion:—All those red lines in my Latin book.

Prototype:—Campbell Soup Kid.

## Matrics

BARBARA BROCKUNIER—"Barb"  
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.  
October 25

Montcalm  
1963-1965

"The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Dancing - Ballet; Magazine Committee - Literary Editor.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing.

Theme Song:—"No Strings."

Favourite Pastime:—Day-dreaming.

Ambition:—To remember not to forget.

BEVERLY ANN BRYANT—"Bev"  
Magog, Quebec  
September 29

Rideau  
1961-1965

"Let no one speak ill of the absent."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"It tends to be ---."

Favourite Pastime:—Rising with the breakfast bell.

Pet Aversion:—The rising bell.

DIANA LYNN BRYANT—"Di"  
Magog, Quebec  
September 29

Macdonald  
1961-1965

"Learn the sweet magic of a cheerful face;  
Not always smiling, but at least serene."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; President Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"Hi Gang. . . (Green)!"

Favourite Pastime:—Emptying all the juice out of the fruit bowl at supper.

Pet Aversion:—Being the last one asleep at night.

SARAH COLLIN—"Col"  
Hudson, Quebec  
December 28

Montcalm  
1962-1965

"My mind may not be much good, but it is  
all I have to misunderstand with."

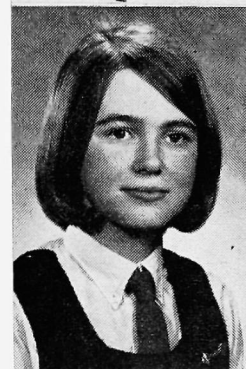
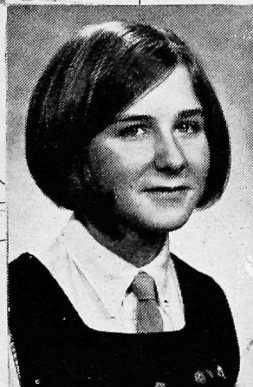
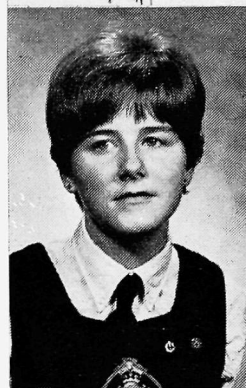
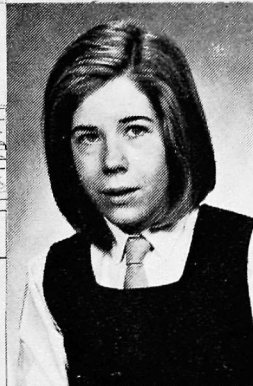
Activities:—Head of Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Advertising Editor Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club; Public Speaking.

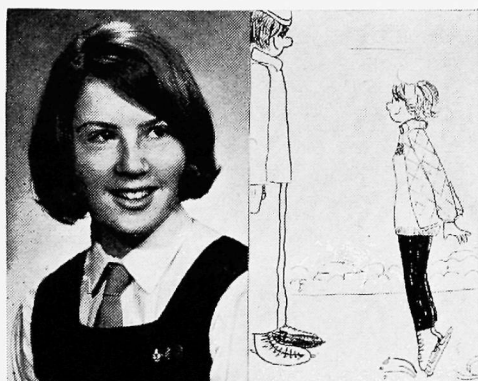
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"That's just dreadful!"

Theme Song:—"Take Her out of Pity."

Pet Aversion:—Anything 'Divine.'





JILL FRANCIS  
Desbiens, Quebec  
February 23

Macdonald  
1961-1965

"Four be the things I'd be better without,  
Love, Curiosity, Freckles and Doubt."

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House, School; Tennis; Skating.

Ambition:—To marry a French Millionaire.

Probable Destination:—Being a nun.

Pet Aversion:—People who pat me on the head and call me "Little One."



VIVIAN GOTTHILF—"Viv"  
Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.  
March 6

Montcalm  
1962-1965

"Keep your head always towards the sunshine,  
and your shadow will fall behind you."

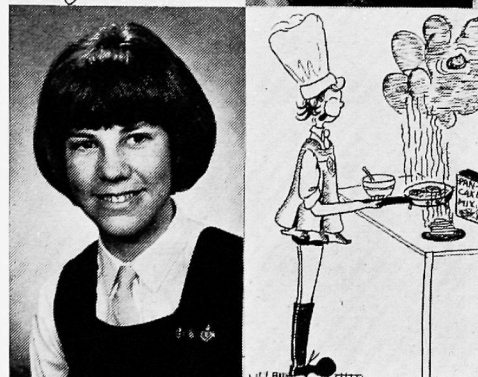
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Bell-Ringer in VI A.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming; Skiing.

Theme Song:—"Jamás Te Olvidaré."

Ambition:—To travel.

Pet Aversion:—People who mispronounce my last name (Goat---)  
(Golf---)



MARGOT GRANT—"Grunter"  
Ottawa, Ontario  
December 24

Macdonald  
1960-1965

"A thorn of experience is worth a wilderness of warning."

Activities:—Sports Captain V B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Vaulting Club.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Stop the World, I Want to Get Off."

Ambition:—To have an ambition.

Pet Aversion:—Getting Margot Magee's laundry.



JUDY LAMPLOUGH—"Lamp"  
Westmount, Quebec  
August 9

Rideau  
1963-1965

"He who never climbed never fell."

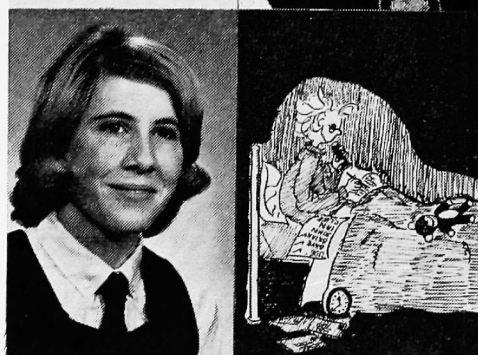
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Soldier Boy."

Favourite Pastime:—Telling myself Chemistry really is simple.

Pet Aversion:—People who comment on my walk.



CATHERINE LAWSON—"Lawsie"  
Ottawa, Ontario  
October 16

Rideau  
1959-1965

"All for the love of men."

Activities:—Literature Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Special Art.

Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Skiing; Skating.

Favourite Expression:—"You Phinque!"

Theme Song:—"You've Lost that Lovin' Feelin'."

Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters!



SUSAN MCCAIN—"Sue"  
Montreal, Quebec  
May 30

Montcalm  
1960-1965



"He learns that giving others a mental lift by showing appreciation and praise is the best way to lift his own spirits."  
Activities:—Sports Captain V A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Expression:—"You're only young once!"  
Favourite Pastime:—Thinking about everything but work.  
Pet Aversion:—Getting 7 1/2 minutes in which to eat breakfast.

SYDNEY McDOWELL—"Suds"  
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.  
March 12

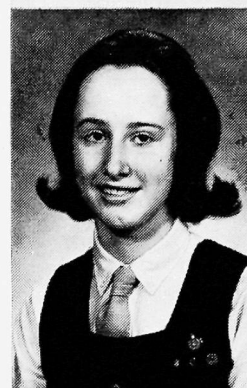
Rideau  
1960-1961; 1962-1965



"Education is a companion no misfortune can depress, no evil can destroy, no enemy can alienate, no despotism can enslave. At home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace, and in society an ornament."  
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Modern Dancing; Editor Magazine Committee.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.  
Ambition:—To read the **Harvard Classics**.  
Probable Destination:—Being read to by a Harvard "Classic."  
Prototype:—Lady Godiva.

JOAN McMASTER—"Shrivel"  
Montreal, Quebec  
May 29

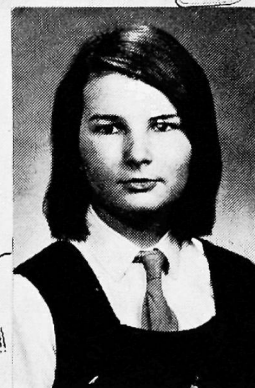
Macdonald  
1959-1965



"The value of Life is not the end of it, but the use we make of it."  
Activities:—Form Captain - V B; Library Committee; Literature Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Expression:—"For crying in the beer!"  
Theme Song:—"More."  
Ambition:—To become a Social Worker.

MEREDITH MILLER—"Freedy"  
St. Dorothée, Quebec  
February 21

Montcalm  
1962-1965



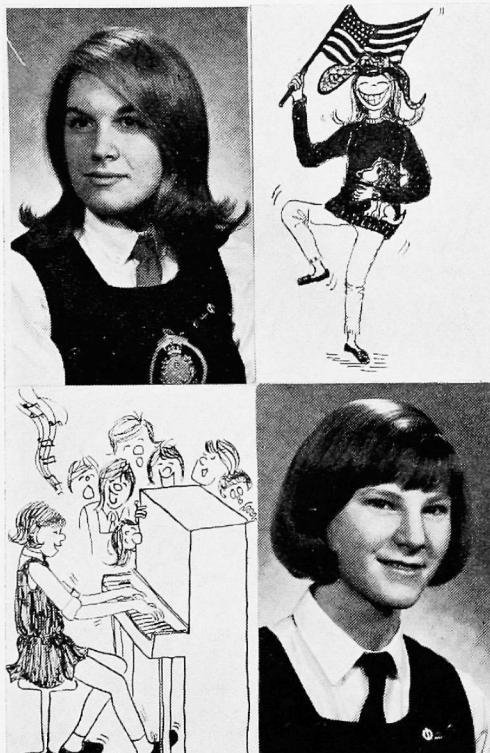
"Love ceases to be a pleasure when it ceases to be a secret."  
Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Vaulting Club.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - House; Swimming - House; Tennis.  
Theme Song:—"Hello Stranger!"  
Favourite Pastime:—Listening to records in Chez...  
Pet Aversion:—The Everley Brothers.

DENISE SHALOM  
Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.  
September 16

Macdonald  
1962-1965



"Happiness makes up in height for what it lacks in length."  
Activities:—Form Captain - VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club; Poetry Club; Glee Club; Junior Red Cross; Current Events; Magazine Committee; Bell Ringer - VI A.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House; Volleyball - Form, House; Swimming - Form, House; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.  
Favourite Pastime:—Teasing Di.  
Ambition:—To be a polyglot.  
Probable Destination:—Inventing a dialect of my own.



CHARLOTTE STINSON—"Char"  
Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.  
November 3

Montcalm  
1961-1965

"Born with the gift of laughter and a sense  
that the world is mad!"

Activities:—Sports Captain VI A; Library Committee; Literature Club;  
Dramatics; Glee Club; Choir; Crucifer; Junior Red Cross; Current  
Events; Vaulting Club.  
Sports:—Soccer - Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swim-  
ming - Form, House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.  
Favourite Expression:—"YOU can be replaced!"  
Theme Song:—"Smile."  
Ambition:—Nursing.

JEAN WALBRIDGE—"Jeannie"  
Pointe Claire, Quebec  
February 17

Rideau  
1963-1965

"I never seen a night  
So dark there wasn't light  
Somewhere about if I took care  
To strike a match an' find out where!"

Activities:—Literature Club; Glee Club; Choir; Junior Red Cross; Current  
Events; Magazine Committee; Public Speaking.  
Sports:—Soccer, Form, House, School; Volleyball - Form, House; Swim-  
ming - Form; Tennis; Skiing; Skating.  
Theme Song:—"Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair."  
Favourite Pastime:—Supplying the class with Kleenex.  
Pet Aversion:—People who say I'm organized and neat.

## ANNIVERSARIES

Dear Miss Gillard,

Since this is your thirty-fifth year, I thought I would just write you a few extra words. Finally in our Matric. year, we realize how much our years at Compton mean to us, and it is you who have made them as wonderful as they have been. In the years to come we will always remember your advice in Prayers, your reading, the prayers on Saturday, and above all, the fact that you have always been here when we needed you. You have prepared all of us for our lives ahead and given us most wonderful memories, so that now, with happy thoughts, we can truly "reach into the future, yet never forget the past."

Many thanks for all these precious years,

Love,

Joy

Last June, Miss Mary Morris completed her twenty-fifth year at K.H.C. After teaching in Calgary, she arrived here to teach High School History. Every Wednesday evening, Miss Morris can be seen in front of the television in the lounge with the Current Events Club. After the news, her helpful comments and answers to our questions do a great deal towards increasing our knowledge of happenings in the world today. Organization of the Prep Hall, exams, time tables, and assisting the editors of the school magazine, are only a few of the many activities which receive her careful attention.

In 1940, Mademoiselle Odette Cailteux came from an academic career in England, to teach High School French at Compton. She is honorary president of the "Keep Compton Clean" committee and many a girl with order marks has trembled with the realization that Mademoiselle Cailteux will soon add them to this club. Her numerous extra coaching classes and patient help at the French tables have proved invaluable in advancing the pupils' fluency in speaking French. Some girls who have later travelled in France have discovered the great asset which Mademoiselle had helped to give them while they were students at King's Hall.

## HISTORY OF KING'S HALL

June 1954

In 1874 the Compton Ladies' College opened its doors to six resident and ten day pupils. The Rev. Joseph Dinzey, Rector of Compton, with the support of the Bishop of Quebec and the church people of Canada, had achieved his purpose "to provide a superior education within the reach of persons of moderate means for their daughters." The tuition fees were \$175 a year with music extra. Two years later there were sixty pupils, of whom forty-five were resident.

The ownership of the school was vested in a Corporation consisting chiefly of appointees of the Synod of the Diocese. Mrs. Dinzey was the first Lady Principal. Her successors have been Mrs. Prime, 1887; Miss Cochrane, 1891; Mrs. Browse, 1895; Miss Smith, 1901; Miss Laura Joll, 1905; and the present Headmistress, Miss Gillard, 1930. The Staff has increased from the original two assistant teachers to twenty-four. This growth corresponds to the increase in enrollment from sixteen to one hundred and forty-six in 1953.

In 1902 the name of the school was changed from Compton Ladies' College to King's Hall, Compton, and a new Corporation was formed, still under the auspices of the Diocese of Quebec. Much of the credit for the extension of the School property and new buildings belongs to Mr. Robert Campbell who, up to his death in 1929, played a very active part in all matters pertaining to the School. The first Secretary of the new Corporation was the Rev. Albert Stevens, Rector of Coaticook, who replaced the original Secretary, Canon Foster, who had held the office for twenty-seven years. In 1906 Mr. James Mackinnon was elected Treasurer and his association with the School was very close until his death in 1937.

The original School building is now the centre with wings added — to the South in 1919, to the North in 1922, and with two extensions to the East in 1919 and 1937. There are, besides the main building, a Cottage with room for twenty girls, and also a Staff Cottage. The new wings gave added classroom space and more bedrooms. The final eastward extension provided a new Gym. and a Swimming Pool while the old Gym. became an Assembly and Prep Hall. The Infirmary was moved to this new section shortly after it was completed. These were the major expansions, but each year has seen further improvements to increase the efficiency of the School. The first artesian well was dug in 1913 and a second was added in

1945. The Science and Domestic Science Labs. have been moved and enlarged as the needs increased.

The original area of six and a quarter acres was increased at intervals: in 1907 the Staff Cottage was added, 1913 the Dawson Farm of fifty acres; the Parsonage and glebe land was purchased in 1925 and the Gagne Farm of eighty-three acres was added in 1936 to make a total of one hundred and fifty acres. In 1936 the large playing field just south of the building was levelled.

St. James, Compton, has always been the Church attended by the School and the Rector has acted as Chaplain of the School. Among the Rectors who have been associated with the School were the Rev. G. H. Parker, 1876–1907; the Rev. J. S. Brewer, 1907–1925; Canon Eardley-Wilmott, 1925–1938; Canon Kelly, 1938–1948; the Rev. H. P. Absolom, 1948–1951. The present incumbent, the Rev. D. F. Roberts, came in 1952.

In 1928 The Old Girls' Association was formed and ever since has shown a lively interest in School activities. Each year one Old Girl is elected to the Corporation. The Laura Joll Memorial Library is but one of the many contributions they have made to the School. At intervals there have been reunions held in the School. During World War II many of the Old Girls served their country in the Forces.

King's Hall has prospered and expanded during the ninety years of its existence with the exception of the early thirties. It has always upheld the purpose and ideals of its founder.

June 1965

Within the last ten years several additions have been made to the School. The pond has been dredged to a greater depth and a fire engine installed on its bank. The increased depth of the pond has necessitated a separate skating rink. Thus each winter the levelled ground between the garages and the pond is flooded. A new soccer field has also been levelled between the pond and the road.

Indoors, the front stairs have been enclosed between the two upper floors for maximum fire protection. The Reid Room, commonly known as the French dining-room, has been added to the main dining hall as the School's enrolment increased, and the Staff dining-room has been enlarged. Two semi-detached classrooms have also been built. The Staff sitting-room opposite the library has been made larger and renovated.

In the basement, two sitting-rooms have been built for the Prefects and the Matrics. Both the Science and the Household Science Labs. have



been enlarged and the latter has been extensively modernized. The Laundry has been moved to improve convenience and efficiency. A Ping-Pong room has been added and an iron installed in it for the use of the girls. The heating system has been converted from coal to oil and a self-contained building has been erected to house the heating plant. The removal of the furances and the coal bunkers from the basement has made more space available. The costume cupboard has been moved into a new room opposite the Household Science Lab.

Old girls who have not visited the School for over ten years would be most surprised and interested to see these changes. We understand that plans are now being made to build a new residence.

## POLL

- 25% own levies.
- 41% own pin-stripe button down blouses (or shirts).
- 44% wear or have worn glasses.
- 4% own contacts.
- 9% have tortoise-shell rims on their glasses.
- 46% use men's cologne.
- 16% have ivy-league book covers.
- 75% have written to B.C.S.
- 31% have written to Stanstead.
- 44% buy ice cream sandwiches in the village.
- 74% subscribe to or always read *Seventeen* or *Ingenue*.
- 40% subscribe to or always read *Time*, *Newsweek* or a newspaper.
- 46% have never had an order mark.
- 29% have pierced ears.
- 58% wear fluffy slippers.
- 66% own a Beatles' record.
- 67% own kilts.
- 53% have bangs.
- 55% wear brown loafers.
- 20% prefer ballpoints to fountain pens.
- 14% speak a foreign language other than French.
- 35% have never failed an exam.
- 82% have more education in mind.
- 48% have or have had braces.
- 16% use sealing wax.
- 64% own something madras.
- 37% own calico (navy blue) hairbands.
- There are 496 stuffed animals in the school.
- There are 293 loose leafs in the school.
- An average of 110 letters a day.

## VALETE

In June, 1964 King's Hall lost several Staff.

Miss Hilda Jenkins came to K.H.C. eleven years ago from Prince Edward Island to be our school nurse. She also taught health in the junior grades. "Gargling and hot compresses" suppressed our colds and sore throats while her capable hand ruled the Infirmary. At the beginning of each term she would be frequently seen traversing the Prep Hall, dealing out thermometers, or being besieged by a line of hesitant pupils to be weighed. No matter what the trouble or emergency, Miss Jenkins was always ready when we needed her. She is now doing Red Cross and other work at the Health Centre in Charlottetown, besides participating in "Little Theatre", her special hobby.



Miss Helen Fairweather taught Middle School English, History and Latin at K.H.C. from 1962, when she arrived from Scotland, until June 1964. She was V B Form Mistress. Several plays under her most capable leadership provided a great deal of entertainment for the School. She is in Edinburgh, teaching this year.



Miss Beverly Marchant came to Compton in 1963 from Montreal, to teach Junior History and English. She also acted as Form Mistress for IV A. She is now teaching in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.



Miss Joan Tudor Jones came to Compton in 1962 from England. She taught piano and was Form Mistress for VI B. Whenever music stirred the life of the School, there was Miss Tudor Jones. The Church Choir, the Glee Club, the Music Appreciation Club, as well as the carol singing at Christmas, special services here and at Lennoxville, all had her careful attention. She is now back in England, teaching in Portsmouth, Hampshire, at the Teachers' Training College.

We should like to thank these teachers for their many contributions to School life and wish them success in the future.

### GENERAL MacARTHUR'S PRAYER FOR HIS SON

"Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak — and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid. One who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, but humble and gentle in victory.

"Build me a son who wishes will not replace his actions, a son who will know Thee, and that to know himself is the foundation stone of knowledge.

"Send him, I pray, not in the path of ease and comfort but in the stress and spur of difficulties and challenge. Here let him learn to stand up in the storm; here let him learn compassion for those who fail. Build me a son whose heart will be clear, whose goal will be high — a son who will master himself before he seeks to master others.

"One who will learn to laugh, yet never forget how to weep; one who will reach into the future; yet never forget the past.

"And after all of these things are his — this I pray — enough sense of humour that he may always be serious; yet never take himself too seriously.

"Give him humility so that he may always remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength.

"Then I, his father, will dare to whisper, 'I have not lived in vain'."

### NOT BY BREAD ALONE

Man does not live by bread alone, but by beauty and harmony, truth and goodness, work and recreation, affection and friendship, aspiration and worship.

Not by bread alone, but by the splendour of the firmament at night, the glory of the heavens at dawn, the blending of colours at sunset, the loveliness of magnolia trees, the magnificence of mountains.

Not by bread alone, but by the majesty of ocean breakers, the shimmer of moonlight on a calm lake, the flashing silver of a mountain torrent, the exquisite patterns of snow crystals, the creations of artists.

Not by bread alone, but by the sweet song of a mockingbird, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the magic of a violin, the sublimity of a softly-lighted cathedral.

Not by bread alone, but by the fragrance of rose, the scent of orange blossoms, the smell of new-mown hay, the clasp of a friend's hand, the tenderness of a mother's kiss.

Not by bread alone, but by the lyrics of poets, the wisdom of sages, the holiness of saints, the biographies of great souls.

Not by bread alone, but by comradeship and high adventure, seeking and finding, serving and sharing, loving and being loved.

Man does not live by bread alone, but by being faithful in prayer, responding to the guidance of the Holy Spirit, finding and doing the loving will of God now and eternally.

# Per Annum

## 1964-1965

### SEPTEMBER

School Opened.....	9
The Prefects were Appointed.....	13
Matric. Entertainment .....	20

### OCTOBER

Soccer Game at K.H.C. against Sherbrooke High School.....	6
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	10-11
Soccer Game at Bishop's University.....	14
Soccer Game in Sherbrooke against Sherbrooke High School.....	17
Soccer Game at K.H.C. against Sherbrooke High School.....	20
Preliminary Scholastic Aptitude Tests.....	24
Tea Dance at B.C.S.....	24
Matric. Travel Slides.....	25
Concert.....	26
Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....	30
Stanstead Dance.....	31

### NOVEMBER

Soccer Game at K.H.C. against Bishop's University.....	2
Soccer Game at K.H.C. against B.C.S. Prep Team.....	4
Volleyball Game at K.H.C. against B.C.S. First Football Team.....	11
Matric. Dance at B.C.S.....	21
Mr. Gibb's Lecture and Slides on Travel in Europe.....	22
Concert at B.C.S.....	25
Christmas Exams Began.....	27

### DECEMBER

Miss Gillard's Birthday.....	4
Exams Ended.....	4
College Board Exams.....	5
Christmas Tree Decorated.....	5
Play and Carols in the Prep Hall, and Christmas Party.....	6
Home for the Holidays.....	10

### JANUARY

School Re-opened.....	5
College Board Exams.....	9
Concert at Bishop's University.....	20
Concert at B.C.S.....	27

### FEBRUARY

Canadian Ballet.....	2
School Dance.....	6
The Choir Sang Matins at Coaticook.....	7
Winter Carnival at K.H.C.....	7
Play at B.C.S.....	12
Concert at B.C.S.....	24
Matrics. and VI A Went to Stanstead Winter Carnival.....	27

### MARCH

Matrics. and VI A Went to Biology Exhibition at Bishop's University.....	5
VI B Went to the Biology Exhibition.....	6
College Board Exams.....	6
Alumni Glee Club Concert at B.C.S.....	6
The Choir Sang Matins at Lennoxville.....	7
Swimming Meet at K.H.C.....	14
Piano Recital.....	14
Half Holiday.....	18
Sugaring-off Party at Mr. Johann's.....	20
V A Play.....	21
Home for the Easter Holidays.....	24

### APRIL

School Re-opened.....	8
Tour of the Sherbrooke Hospital.....	10
Movie on Bees.....	21
Red Cross Sunday.....	25
Matric. May Exams Begin.....	28

### MAY

Nature Lecture.....	1
The Choir Sang Matins at North Hatley.....	2
Invitation Dance at B.C.S.....	8
VI B Play.....	9
Confirmation.....	15
June Exams Begin.....	26

### JUNE

School Closes.....	4
McGill Exams Begin.....	15
McGill Exams End.....	29



**MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT**

Dear Montcalmites:

You know it's the greatest feeling to come into House meetings and to know that, regardless of the facts and figures (some of which have surely improved from so much dedicated jogging) you're going to cheer for all you're worth anyway.

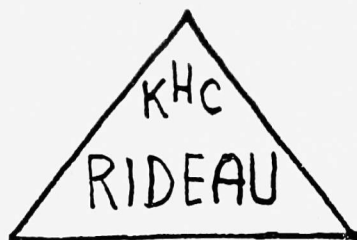
We've had our ups and downs but frankly, Montcalm, we wouldn't want it any other way — at least we know you have spunk and that you never take yourselves too seriously. You've come out tops in our books, anyway.

Thinking it over, Montcalm is really like a perfect cake, not too much sugar, lots of spice, light and airy (well, not always) but just full of the world's best nuts. Moreover, this cake has a special unforgettable tang.

Thanks for the memories, Montcalm,

Love,

WEN, MARY, and L.J. (Montcalmite without portfolio)

**MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT**

Dear Macdonaldites,

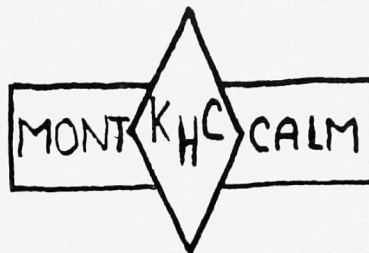
Life on Macdonald has certainly been unpredictable this year, and every minute has been golden. As a sportsy, co-ordinated group we did our best to add thrill to everything we undertook, even though some of you almost drowned under the tension of the swimming meet, and practically fainted after running miles in the Staff hunt. We'll never forget that wild rally and everyone singing "Hey Laudi, Laudi" as loudly as possible.

Remember, Macdonaldites, that we are a golden chain, each link pulling its hardest to ease the load for the rest. As a team you excelled, so keep in mind always, "Out of many, one".

And so all you Marvellous, Adventurous, Chatter, Dauntless, Obstreperous, Naughty, Amazing, Loquacious Devils, thanks for being the most unforgettable and terrific House. The very, very best of luck to you all next year, and we know you will be as loyal and high-spirited then as you have been all this year.

Much love,

JUDY, JILL, and MACDEE

**RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT**

Dear Rideauites,

**Roddy's Receipt for "House a La Mode"**

Ingredients:—48 deviled eggs

A teaspoon of plusses

A bowlful of minuses

Buckets of fun

Unlimited quantities of spirit

Pinches of enthusiasm

Procedure: —Blend eggs well, adding spirit all the time. Add fun and stir well.

Fold in minuses, MASH in plusses. More spirit.

Heat oven — allowing 21 degrees per egg (1008 degrees F.)

Results: —Volcanic eruptions of spirit and enthusiasm.

Finishing touches:—Top with sugar and spice and everything nice. Cut into triangular shape.

The result is a concoction that would win first prize in any contest, and it's scrummy too; we've tried it! Visions of you all perched on desk tops on Sundays, of you displaying that unique "Rideau co-ordination" (!) at the House games, of those murderous House-walks (which somehow we always managed to make fun!), of Roddy triumphantly flapping in the air, and most of all, your support and that "never-give-up" attitude, whether first or last — these are what we shall always remember from a truly wonderful year.

Best of luck to next year's chefs! (and to the greatest bunch of devils).

Love as always,

ANDY and JOANIE.





### MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

After several years of outdoor Matric entertainment this year's Matrics reverted to a stage show. This took place on the fifth week-end of the autumn term. All the seven skits shown were taken from familiar school scenes. The cleverness with which these were acted and spoken was revealed in the pleased and delighted reaction of the audience, who at times showed themselves to be wildly enthusiastic.

All was true to life from the eager anticipation in waiting for the mail (and finding you have none when the girl next to you has all) to the disorganized confusion of the first fire drill. Not forgotten was the dreaded trek up to the nurse to be weighed, or the reading of order marks in Saturday prayers. In another skit silence reigned after lights out until faint noises could be heard from the various bedrooms. Shadowy figures tiptoed here and there. A hushed chatter had now disturbed the former peace. This occasionally crescendoed into nothing short of a full scale riot, only to be broken by the arrival of a mistress.

All the Matrics should be given credit for their ingenuity in the production of these skits. In particular Jill Stainforth is to be congratulated on organizing the show.

The skits were followed by a Hootenanny with Joy Balloch and Jean Walbridge playing the guitar and Joan Eakin the accordion. This proved a great success with everyone and was a perfect finale to one of the most enjoyable evenings we have had.

NORAH DOHENY, VI A.

### HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en arrived at K.H.C. in full force this year, bringing with it every variety of goblin and witch. We began our evening's entertainment with a delicious witches' brew from the kitchen served in a dining-room appropriately decorated with the theme "Famous Ghosts." The VI B's remarkable decorations were enhanced by an eerie background of weird music which added a supernatural atmosphere to the room.

The Domestic Staff, gaily costumed in typical Hallowe'en dress, paraded around a smoking cauldron in the centre of the room. The fronts of our tunics were stuffed with apples, etc., and Miss Braddick had ample opportunity to play her favourite trick of pulling sashes.

After supper we all went to the gym. for the skits. The Staff started us off with an amusing "Dance of the Daisies." The IV A's and V B's followed with "Scenes in the Infirmary" interviewing the nurse and with a skit, "Superman." They also had "take - offs" of T.V. advertisements, such as Lady Clairol. They put much thought into those skits and gave us a great deal of enjoyment.

The vivacious V A's decided to give us their impressions of a Staff meeting, which surprised us all. A few of the teachers were very plainly recognizable, and others kept us guessing.

The VI B's put quite a bit of action into their skits by representing the most popular commercials of the day in a slightly distorted fashion.

The VI A's thought it would be fun to describe life to-day as seen through the eyes of "five — ten or fifteen years on." They had two school friends

meet in Eatons in about 1974 or 1984 and describe some "old" routines such as breakfast, soccer, rest hour and candy-line. These were all acted out.

The Matrics. went to the country with two farmers and gave their impressions of newspaper advertisements and Current Events from a different angle.

We ended a hilarious evening with the famous apple-bobbing contest, opened by Miss Gillard, and with the Hokey-Pokey led by Miss Keyzer.

In gratitude for the splendid evening we asked that the money usually spent on a "special treat" of chocolate bars for ourselves should be donated to the Red Cross.

In concluding we say, "See you NEXT HALLOWE'EN."

LOUISE MCFARLANE, VI A.

### THE FORMAL

The excitement at King's Hall had reached its peak. The night of February sixth had come, and all were prepared for the annual formal dance at Compton. When the girls strolled down the front stairs in their enchanting dresses they were paired off with Bishop's boys or with Stanstead boys who also attended the dance.

The gymnasium had been decorated for the occasion. The theme was folksinging. Posters were on the walls showing caricatures of such people as Marianne Faithful; Peter, Paul and Mary; and Al Hirt. Guitars and ukeleles were attached to the windows, while streamers in burgundy and blue were crisscrossed from one side of the balcony to the other.

The band consisted of four musicians. At intervals throughout the dance the Matrics. organized a snowball-multiplication dance and others designed to give fun and variety.

Before supper the B.C.S. Glee Club sang four songs. During the supper, as people came in and out of the gym. the B.C.S. band was playing. We all enjoyed these two additions to our dance. We are all most appreciative of the boys' giving up their time to provide us all with such a great pleasure.

At about ten-thirty the supper was served in the dining room. Later we returned to the gym. until one o'clock when the evening ended. The couples walked slowly down from the gym. and the boys left in the waiting buses. Thus ended the 1965 King's Hall Formal Dance.

ROSLYN LUKE,  
CAROL FINLAYSON, VI A.

### CHRISTMAS AT COMPTON

Christmas celebrations at Compton always give us a great deal of pleasure. Under the supervision of Miss Hewson, the IV A's and V B's presented a Nativity Play called "On the Road to Bethlehem", in which each part was played extremely well. Regan Tisshaw acted the part of Mary and also sang "Joseph, Dearest Joseph Mine". Joseph was taken by Diane Sockett. Linda McTier played the Little Shepherd Boy, while the Old Shepherd was Susan Clark. Hilary Stead was the Innkeeper with Debbie Hornig as the wife. Heather Booth was a charming Angel. The dialogue consisted mainly of songs; these were interspersed with carols such as "O Little Town of Bethlehem", "How Far is it to Bethlehem?", and "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks By Night". This year the audience was invited to join in some of the carols which accompanied the play. One of these was "The Holly Bears a Berry", an ancient carol, but new to us.

The French carols of each Form were very well sung as a result of the constant efforts of Mademoiselle Cailteux to perfect our pronunciation, while the musical instruction and accompaniment of Miss Bennett added a polish to the product. We also enjoyed a contribution by the Spanish students as they sang "Silent Night" in Spanish as well as "Cantemos, Cantemos".

The choir, under the direction of Miss Bennett, ended the programme with "The Song of the Nuns of Chester", "The Cherry Tree Carol", "A Virgin Most Pure," and "I Sing of a Maiden" with a one-verse solo sung by Karen Peirce. The choir's beautiful harmonizing was particularly appreciated by the audience.

At last we were given the signal that all was ready below. I thought this was the loveliest time of the evening, as we walked through the glass passage and all the members of the choir lined the way, holding candles and singing "Silent Night".

Once gathered in the lounge, both Staff and girls enjoyed the pranks of Santa (cleverly played by Margo Grant) and all his helpers, the Matrics., as they read out a poem for each Staff and distributed gifts.

After the presents had been distributed and Miss Gillard and Mr. Roberts had spoken a few words of sincere appreciation, we resumed our carol singing to the accompaniment of Miss Wallace's flute, Mrs. Aitken's organ, and Miss Bennett's piano. Following this, we trundled off to bed, thinking what a lovely day December 9, 1964, had been at K.H.C. GRETCHEN GURNEY, VI A.



## PIANO RECITALS

There were piano recitals at the ends of the Christmas and the Easter terms, and much hard work went into the preparation for them. It is most important that our musicians should form the habit of hard work, and equally important that they should take these opportunities of giving pleasure.

There is another aspect which too often goes without comment, and that is that we should all learn to be sympathetic and constructively critical as the future concert-going public, and our thanks are due to those people who give us practice in developing our listening faculties.

## PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

On Sunday evening, January thirty-first, six tremulous VI A's made five-minute speeches in front of the school. The contestants were Judy Bonnar, Gretchen Gurney, Kathy Mackay, Elizabeth Paterson, Sheila Reid and Victoria Rorke. Jennifer Robb was "Madam Chairman."

Judy hilariously related her experiences on a fishing trip up north with her family. Gretchen discoursed on "The Holy City" and her feelings when she visited Jerusalem. Kathy dispelled some of our apathy by her speech on "The Spirit of Youth." Elizabeth delivered a moving speech on "Challenge." Sheila dealt with the subject of "Courage." Victoria spoke on "Cat Intelligence versus Dog Intelligence."

We are much indebted to our judges, Miss Morris and Miss Stickney, who had a major part in deciding the winner. Elizabeth Paterson and Sheila Reid spoke again in a semi-final, after which Elizabeth was selected to represent the school at the Saint Francis District semi-final of the Public Speaking Contest sponsored by the McGill Graduates Society.

Elizabeth gained third place in a group of nine speakers. The speaker from the Sherbrooke High School represented this district at the final contest in Montreal.

Without Miss MacLennan's constant encouragement and help these speeches would not have been possible. Thank you very, very much Miss MacLennan.

VICTORIA RORKE, VI A.

## ILLUSTRATED TRAVEL TALK

BY MR. GIBB

### TRAVEL SLIDES SHOWN BY MATRICS.

Our schedule was pleasantly altered on the evening of November the twenty-second. Mr. Gibb, partner of the renowned Gibb-Macfarlane Tours, had been visiting Bishop's University and fortunately for us had taken the opportunity to come to King's Hall and show us, in an all too brief hour-and-a-half, glimpses of Europe. A brief resumé of the tour accompanied slides. In a few moments we were whisked from gay Paris to awesome Swiss peaks, to picturesque Italian villas, to action-packed bullfights of Spain, and to the heart of England — historic London. Mr. Gibb explained that this tour was extremely popular with the young people because of the independence allowed, the variety of places visited, and the means of transportation employed. For instance, in Paris each person was given a subway map, the exact amount of change required, the name of his hotel, and it was totally left to his ingenuity to reach the correct place. In Italy, those who wished to do so, bicycled to several "off-the-beaten-track" villages, unique in that they showed the simple beauty which can be discovered only by the man who is genuinely interested in seeing the environment in which the various persons of the world live.

The enthusiasm for foreign travel set aflame by this lecture was strengthened by the slides which some of the Matrics. showed on a later evening. These slides had been taken during the summer when many Matrics were travelling. Mary Stratford had marvellous slides of Belgium. Andy Cowans, Jill Stainforth, and Sara Peck had visited Suzie Buchan, and consequently we saw some slides of beautiful Jamaica. Sue McCain had travelled in Europe and she showed, among other spots, lovely slides of the mighty Rhine. Candid pictures of the matriculation class two years ago and shots of King's Hall grounds formed the finale. It was a most interesting evening. As soon as school closes in June many of us will be boarding planes and ships to see the world.

CHRISTINE PERSCOTT, VI A.

### JUNIOR RED CROSS REPORT

This year the girls of King's Hall have been very enthusiastic in helping the Red Cross, and have proved that they realize the true value of this international organization.

Last summer Judy Stairs attended the two-week Junior Red Cross Leadership Training course at Acadia University. At the beginning of the year Judy gave a report on the course. This talk got the Red Cross well on its way.

Several other outside meetings have helped to stimulate us and give us new ideas. A representative from K.H.C. was asked to attend the Eastern Townships Inter High School Council for the first time. The first of these meetings was on October 16 when Judy Stairs gave a short report on the centre at Acadia University and I spoke about the projects that our school had planned for the year. The Project of the Council was to help buy a washer for the Dixville Home. King's Hall donated twenty-five dollars for this purpose. I was unable to attend the second meeting, held on February 26, but hope to go to the third one, in May.

I also represented King's Hall at the annual meeting in Montreal at the Red Cross Headquarters. I gave a short talk on what King's Hall does for the Red Cross and I was able to get an idea of what exactly is expected of a member of the society. At this meeting I found out that book covers could be obtained showing the principles of artificial respiration. We ordered one hundred and fifty so that each girl would own at least one.

Before settling down to our various projects we elected the officers. It was decided that the executive should have a secretary and a treasurer instead of just a secretary-treasurer. Susan Fleming was elected secretary and Susan Johnston, treasurer.

The Red Cross offered new pins and crests this year; King's Hall girls very enthusiastically ordered about one hundred of each.

Red Cross has three aims: Health, Service, and International Understanding. We decided to direct our projects towards the latter — International Understanding. Every second week the executive and the class representatives had a meeting to discuss the monthly projects. Our first project was making a "Canada Book." This is a scrap book of Canada that will be sent to different countries. One province was assigned to each class and a committee was organized to put the book together. In the Christmas holidays each girl brought back certain articles for health kits. The VI A's sewed the bags and we were able to donate about sixty health kits.



**RED CROSS**

Back Row: S. JOHNSTON; J. SMITH; J. PARKE.  
Middle Row: A. BROOMFIELD; M. STODDARD; S. FLEMING.  
Front Row: P. GREY; D. BRYANT; F. SAWDON.

We ordered two hundred calendars showing a picture of some of the children of the Princess Alexandra Home in Hong Kong. All of these children are suffering from some disability — poliomyelitis, tuberculosis, cerebral palsy, or the loss of a limb. Each Form representative sold about thirty calendars at ten cents each, making twenty dollars to aid the Home and also to aid fellow Quebecers who will receive medical care, dental, diabetic and speech therapy services.

The "Wheeler-dealer" is interesting and important. Each Form was given thirty stamps specially issued to provide wheel chairs; these stamps were sold at five cents each and the money sent to the Red Cross headquarters. We also sent a big box of Canadian postage stamps to headquarters where they will be sold to foreign countries.

The Juniors have been outstanding this year. Before Christmas holidays the nine Juniors worked very hard wrapping candy and small toys, and made scrap books to send to orphanages and hospitals. Their big box full of small gifts was warmly welcomed at Red Cross headquarters, as Miss How told us in her letter of thanks.

Besides these projects each Form was expected to have a raffle. The Matrics raffled a chrysanthemum and a box of chocolates; the VI A's raffled a bottle of cologne and stockings which were kindly donated by Miss Gillard; the VI B's raffled a bulletin board and two boxes of chocolates; the V A's records, and the Junior's a stuffed animal and some albums. Besides these raffles the Matrics showed some travel slides and the V A's put on a play. The price of admission went to the Red Cross.

The main project of the Red Cross at King's Hall has always been sewing or knitting garments. Each girl, as usual, made at least one article, while the Staff, also as usual, had one of the best displays. We had our annual Red Cross night on Sunday, April 25, in the lounge and Miss Gillard held up each article separately. All the garments were later put on display. This evening would not have been possible without Mademoiselle Gauthier's tireless efforts. We appreciate her supervision of each class and the extra help she gave the VI A's and Matrics. after Prep and on Saturdays.

I should also like to extend my warmest thanks to Miss Evans, to the Form representatives — Pamela Grey, V B; Francine Sawdon, V A; Ann Broomfield and Jarmaine Smith, VI B; Virginia Parke and Margaret Stoddard, VI A; and especially to Susan Johnston and Susan Fleming. I do not know what our Junior Red Cross would have done without them. I know they will help next year's President as much as Sara Peck and Judy Stairs have helped me this year.

DIANA BRYANT, Matric.

(President)

#### Earnings

Matric Raffle.....	\$	66.75	
Matric Slides.....		15.63	
VI A Kfufu Pyramid.....		23.13	
VI B Raffle.....		54.91	
V A Plays .....		16.20	
V A Raffle.....		50.55	
Junior Bead Guessing.....		42.05	
Collection for Badges.....		66.00	
Collected for Calendars.....		21.47	
Wheeler Dealer Collection..		10.30	
Donations received.....		22.15	\$ 389.14

#### Expenditures

Matric. Raffle.....	\$	7.11	
Membership, pins, crests...		75.40	
Paid for Calendars.....		20.00	
Dixville Home.....		25.00	
Wheeler Dealer Campaign..		10.30	
Papers for Canada Books...		1.33	\$ 139.14

Respectfully submitted,

SUSAN JOHNSTON, (Treasurer).



#### HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Usually a classroom is full of activity and so is the Household Science Laboratory. During classes throughout the week and also on weekends and week nights after Prep there is never a dull moment.

There seem to be endless things to be done in the laboratory with everyone working together through the year to make some articles of clothing for those less fortunate than themselves. A variety of garments, including mitts, blouses, sweaters, dresses and jumpers were made this year. Each Form concentrated on one type of garment for the Red Cross. The Juniors made pleated skirts and knitted things for babies; the V A's corduroy overalls, and the VI B's sailor dresses. In addition money earned from raffles went to the Red Cross. In all the regular classes the girls learned to make skirts, blouses, dresses and shorts for themselves. The classes from Junior to VI B also learned to cook such things as pies, cookies, souffles and cakes.



As well as the weekly class in Household Science taken by Forms IV A to VI B there is a more extensive course taken by specialists in Household Science. This year three girls: Virginia Parke, Georganne Parke, and Catherine Lawson are in this course. Here they take dress designing and do advanced work in knitting and sewing. They also study food values — learning about vitamins, minerals, proteins and so forth. They are taught everything about the preparation and serving of meals from planning a balanced menu to setting a proper table. Another very useful and interesting part of the course is helping to organize the Red Cross display.

Throughout the year Mademoiselle Gauthier was always there with helpful advice and encouragement, spending many extra hours on the Red Cross projects. We thank her very much.

CATHERINE LAWSON, Matric.

### LIBRARY REPORT

Almost simultaneously with the return to school last September came the opening of the library. As the school is divided into three terms, so three separate library committees were formed. There were sixteen volunteers on each committee, and the duty of each member consisted of checking out library books for two nights every fortnight, as well as keeping one library shelf tidy.

This year we renewed our list of recommended books. This list was contributed by the girls, and they wrote down the names of the library books that they had enjoyed reading. The list was a great help to many prospective "clients" who were not exactly sure what book they wanted to read.

Through the kindness of Miss Gillard we were able to try an experiment — the introduction of paperback novels. Prior to this all the books had been hard-covered. The experiment was a success and now, since we are able to buy books in a more inexpensive form, we can buy many of the current bestsellers. (Some of these books can be bought with the money collected from overdue books).

The library is in constant use and I should like to thank those who volunteered their services to keep it running smoothly.

SHEILA REID, VI A.

(Head of Committee)

### CHOIR REPORT

"Enunciate each word clearly." With this advice we started off the new year with our choir mistress, Miss Bennett and our crucifer, Charlotte Stinson. We worked hard on our d's and t's, and u's and by Thanksgiving we had mastered the language enough to sing "Lord Jesus Hath a Garden."

The year sped on and with it came the preparation for our annual singing in the Prep Hall. Before we knew it, the actual night had arrived. After the French and Spanish carols had been sung, and the Juniors had put on their Nativity play, we sang several carols with the school and then some on our own. We finished the programme with "The Song of the Nuns of Chester" a fifteenth century carol in plainsong style.

The second term arrived and the choir went travelling. At the kind request of the Rev. R. S. Jervis-Read, we sang the Eucharist at St. Stephen's in Coaticook. We enjoyed the service tremendously, as well as the delicious lunch served afterwards by the ladies of the Parish. On March seventh we sang Matins at Lennoxville in St. George's at the invitation of Archdeacon T. J. Matthews. During the service we sang an anthem, "Drop, Drop Slow Tears," by Orlando Gibbons. Afterwards we had lunch with the Rector and Church wardens.

As the summer term began with Holy Week, we had a service of readings and appropriate music in the Prep Hall on Palm Sunday evening, after a weekend of intensive preparation on the part of readers and choir. The rest of the term promises to be just as busy since there are still the Confirmation Service, Matins at North Hatley, and the Closing Service ahead of us.

I must admit being in the choir is hard work, but we all enjoy it very much and hope that next year will be as satisfying as this one has proved. On behalf of the choir, I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Bennett for her assistance and patience, and also for giving up so much of her free time for the choir.

KAREN PEIRCE, VI A.

## ART REPORT

Once again this year we welcomed Miss May back to the studio.

All the girls from IV A to VI B attended at least one art class a week, while five girls from VI B, VI A, and Matric., met Wednesday afternoons for Special Art classes. The Matric. Art class did paintings in water colours and oils with very good results.

The most unusual of the projects was the lino-block printing, which girls in all Forms tried. The V A's had the brilliant idea of designing lino-blocks to illustrate compositions they had written in class.

The VI B's spent most of their art classes during the latter part of the year on the props and costumes for their production of "Becket". The backdrops were done during their weekly classes under the supervision and guidance of Miss May. For variety the programme covers for "Becket" were lino-block prints. Everyone pitched in to help in the printing of almost two hundred copies.

The decorations for Hallowe'en, Christmas, and the Formal were as usual new and different. The Hallowe'en decorations, done by the VI B's, were the traditional ghosts, witches, bats, and of course the bubbling witch's caldron. The theme of the Formal was "Folk Singing Dive" executed extremely well by the VI A's. Brightly coloured streamers, softly lit red and blue lights and real guitars hanging on the walls added to the excitement and gaiety of the dance. Christmas decorations in the dining room consisted of large murals designed by the Juniors. The lounge was decorated by VI A in the theme of "Christmas Carols."

Miss May again had monthly exhibitions of the students' art. From time to time Miss May also stimulated our interest in art by putting up reproductions of famous paintings and sculpture.

All in all the art classes have been varied and full of fun and enjoyment. We should like to thank Miss May for all her patience and help in trying to make us all into half-decent artists.

ANN BROOMFIELD, VI B.

1



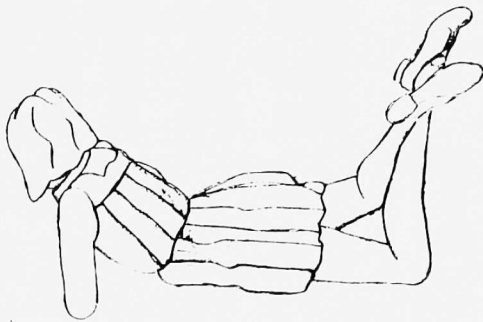
2



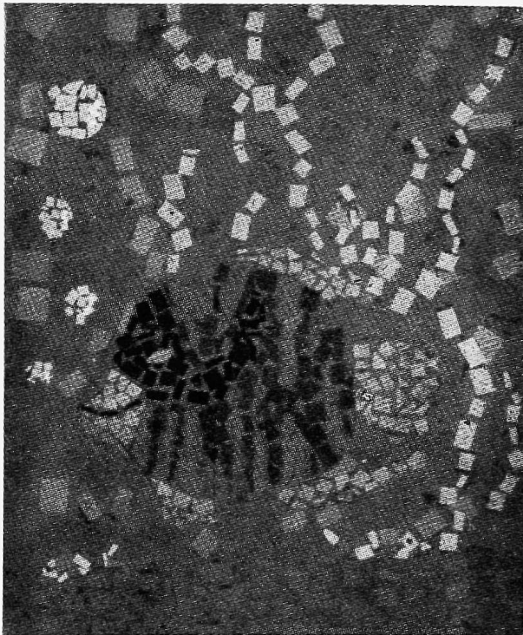
3



4



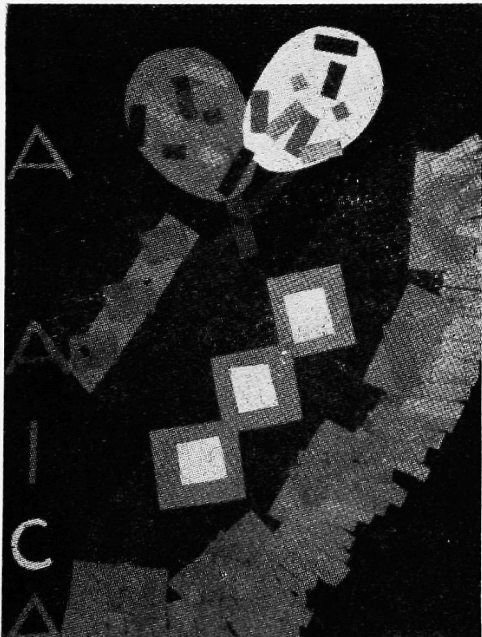
5



PICTURE CREDITS

- 1. Linoleum cut.....DEBORAH HORNIG, V B.
- 2. Linoleum cut design for programme cover—  
.....ANN BROOMFIELD, VI B.
- 3. Design for an oil painting—  
.....MARILYN NICHOLS (Matric. Art)
- 4. Figure drawing.....TINA CROSS, V A.
- 5. Paper Mosaic—  
JANE BOWEN, PENNY PORTEOUS, CHRISTINE SINCLAR, VI B.
- 6. Poster design—SUSANNA CARIDI, BARBARA CARNON, V A.
- 7. Linoleum cut.....SARITA MODIANO, VI B.

6



7







### THE STANSTEAD DANCE

What a surprise for us Matrics. and VI A's when we were told we had been invited to a dance at Stanstead on Saturday, October the thirty-first.

Seventy girls squeezed into two buses that Saturday afternoon; I say "squeezed" because of the numerous boots, shoes, coats, sweaters, and purses that came along with each one of us. We were going not only to a dance, but to a football game and dinner as well!

When we arrived at the school we were greeted by the boys who were not playing football, and escorted to the sidelines to help cheer on the home team. Holderness, a Prep. School in New Hampshire, won the game, but then Stanstead was just being the good host as usual.

As it was getting cold for the spectators by this time, we especially appreciated the warm indoors and delicious supper that followed. This was served buffet style, but tables were set out in the dining room for anyone who preferred them.

Almost immediately after dinner we crossed the yard to the building where the dance was being held. Masses of coloured balloons hung from the ceiling and orange and black (a touch of Hal-low'e'en) streamers fell, twisting to the floor. It was all very effective.

The band played "loud and long." We all "frugged", "shimmied", and "jerked" until we almost collapsed from exhaustion, but that was the fun of it. None of us will forget what an enjoyable time the Stanstead boys gave us and what fun it was to see their school.

LOUISE MUNDY, VI A.

### OPERATION MATRIC. DANCE

Time: Two fifteen, November 21st.

Those Involved: Twenty-six girls.

Twenty-six suitcases and twenty-six pairs of skates.

Destination: Over the hill, to B.C.S.

Mission: To enjoy ourselves thoroughly in the company of the two senior Forms: Suspended precariously on wobbly ankles in the middle of the skating arena, consuming delicious dinner, shrieking furiously for the "Good Guys" as they played an exciting game of hockey, and then at last ending the evening with a rousing dance.

Observations: Mission Accomplished.

Conclusion: Complete exhaustion. An influx of mail on Tuesday.

A. COWANS and S. PECK, Matric.

### THE NUTCRACKER SUITE

The lights dimmed, the voices of the waiting people ceased, and the curtain went up on the first act of the Nutcracker Suite danced by the Canadian National Ballet. It was the second of February and K.H.C. had been bundled into buses and driven to the University of Sherbrooke auditorium for the performance. The ballerinas went through their difficult steps with grace and precision while the audience watched with rapture. The costumes and scenery were superb, each blending with the other to produce an effect which did not detract from the ballet itself. The enchanting Sugar Plum Fairies seemed to float across the stage as they danced to the beautifully created music. As the curtain fell on the final act of the ballet, thunderous applause echoed through the auditorium. All felt that the ballet had been a success and found vent for their appreciation of it in applause.

STEPHANIE HUTCHINS, VI A.

## THE STANSTEAD CARNIVAL

*Place:* Compton dark, spooky, well-worn corridors.

*Time:* I'd say about three in the morning.

*Purpose:* Visiting! This news could not wait until daybreak.

The stealthy, discreet step tiptoed down the corridor, paused a moment — only to hear the hushed breathing of the sleeping girls — then “pitter-pattered” into a quiet bedroom. The room lay still a second, then the dormant atmosphere was abruptly awakened by a cheerful, “Hi!”

The luminous beam from a flashlight revealed that in this room among the clothes and cosmetics strewn everywhere were four girls (that meant two extra according to the allotted beds). They definitely did not look quite as sleepyheaded as one would expect at this hour . . . and all awaited the newcomer with excitement and anticipation.

“Well, how was it? Did everyone have fun? Did you see him? What did everyone do?”

Miscellaneous questions were fired from every direction. Before our visitor attempted to answer them, she bounced onto a bed and made herself at home. After a deep breath, it all started coming out.

“I really wish you all could have come. This was the BEST Stanstead Carnival . . . Everyone really had a blast, no joke. Oh . . . (slight pause for breath) to begin with, the ride over was a riot and one of the buses got a flat! When we finally got to Stanstead the mass of boys didn't come charging at us as before (that scared me to death at the football game). No, the boys dribbled in from here and there, 'cause most of them had set activities to participate in. We could do almost anything — watch broomball, hockey vs. Selwyn House, and basketball vs. Sherbrooke High. It was all great! And during the afternoon, tea was served in their lovely reception room.”

Broad smiles contagiously spread from face to face, as she chattered on.

“The boys were wonderful hosts, and the atmosphere was very casual. We sort of messed around and met kids, watched the games, and cheered for Stanstead all afternoon. Everyone really appreciated the comfortable friendliness. Oh — and you know what else happened? Mr. Windsor, one of the masters who helped organize everything, got a group of boys AND girls together for an “egg and spoon” race.”

“Oh, you're kidding! What happened?”

“Well, the boy ran backwards along this perilously slippery road with a spoon holding an egg,

and his female assistant followed, ready to catch it if it dropped. It was quite hilarious . . . and you'll never guess what happened. While I was running my pettipients were showing below my coat through the whole race — gulp!”

This last choice bit of news sent everyone into fits of giggles. After everyone had regained control — our speaker went on.

“About six o'clock we had a lovely buffet dinner served in the dining room and the reception room. Then, at their leisure the couples could continue on to the dance. It was really divine. As we walked in, the band was playing a spicy Latin American rhythm which suited the atmosphere perfectly — as the room was decorated in a festive Spanish style. Very impressive! Later in the evening some wild records were played that everyone “frugged” and “jerked” to — oh, you would have loved it! Next time don't catch colds before the Carnival; it is something you shouldn't miss.”

Mutual sighs of regret passed among the four unlucky ones, but soon they cheered up and urged the visitor to go on, as they were enjoying it vicariously now.

“To end off our day, Mr. Cayley gave us a farewell speech and said we really should come again — so with our “thank you's” we unanimously agreed that we'd love to!”

KATHY MACKAY, VI A.

## THE TEA DANCE AT B.C.S.

This year according to custom Compton was invited to the tea dance at B.C.S., but with warnings of a few changes.

The decorations were extremely simple. It was this simplicity of line and colour which made them so effective. Wide strips of purple and white crepe paper covered the walls and were skillfully arranged to form a roof. As usual at one end of the gym. refreshments were served, but at the opposite end instead of a band to provide music the imaginative dance committee had a disc jockey come from Sherbrooke. This was a novelty which I know Comptonites enjoyed, for he played all the latest tunes, and the dance floor was literally a mass of bobbing heads, colourful dresses whirling, and fingers snapping. At half time the B.C.S. Glee Club entertained us by singing a few familiar tunes which we all enjoyed and then the disc jockey returned for the last half. Everyone joined in the fun. The dance was an overwhelming success not only because of the boys' charm and hospitality but because of the dance committee's enterprise and imagination.

KAY WILSON, VI A.

### A VISIT TO BRUCK MILLS

This year the Household Science girls were lucky enough to go through Bruck Mills in Sherbrooke. The Bruck Mills make various materials — cotton, dacron and denim. Then these are sent to Cowansville for dyeing and finishing.

The tour started at half-past two inside the lobby. Our guide, Mr. Dougall, was extremely nice and before entering the factory itself he handed us each some typewritten notes explaining what we were going to see. He also explained a bit about how the factory operates. They run on shifts; the women work seven hours a day and all are paid fairly well.

When we entered the door that said "No Admittance" the noise of the machines and the hum of peoples' voices pierced our ears. Mr. Dougall told us to follow him. We gradually made our way through the factory into the storage room where we began our tour. Mr. Dougall explained each of the fourteen operations to us and allowed us to stand and watch until we had seen all the details. To our regret some of the sections were closed.

Our tour lasted about one hour and when we finished and came out into the silent part of the building Mr. Dougall answered any questions we had to ask. We had found the tour very enjoyable and had also learned many things we had not known before.

We Household Science students wish to thank the manager of the Bruck Mills and Mr. Dougall for making the tour possible. We are also most grateful to Mademoiselle Gauthier for arranging it and accompanying us.

VIRGINIA PARKE, VI A.



King's Hall was among the schools which attended the four concerts of the Junesse Musicale series held at B.C.S. All Matrics. and VI A's had tickets and also the music students in VI B. The concerts were much enjoyed.

### PICTURE CREDITS

- |                                                                                |                     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. MISS GILLARD—"You look like a lump of blancmange!"                          | <i>J. Robb</i>      |
| 2. Mlle CAILTEUX—"Do I hear ten?"                                              | <i>Margot Magee</i> |
| 3. MISS WALLACE—"I could have danced all night!"                               | <i>D. Shalom</i>    |
| 4. MISS STICKNEY—"We shall overcome!"                                          | <i>S. Reid</i>      |
| 5. MR. ROBERTS—"If I had a hammer!"                                            | <i>D. Stinson</i>   |
| 6. MISS MORRIS—"What! All out of cherry-vanilla?"                              | <i>D. Stinson</i>   |
| 7. MISS OOMEN—"Fat chance!"                                                    | <i>K. Winser</i>    |
| 8. MISS MAY—"Nothing to-day, thank you."                                       | <i>D. Stinson</i>   |
| 9. MISS MACDONALD—"My bonnie lies over the ocean!"                             | <i>D. Archibald</i> |
| 10. Mlle GAUTHIER, MISS WHEATLEY—"It's our party and we'll eat if we want to!" | <i>Margot Magee</i> |
| 11. MISS BRADDICK—"Look alive! You're in the Pepsi Generation!"                | <i>D. Shalom</i>    |
| 12. Mlle DAILLIER—"I'm a stranger in Paradise!"                                | <i>D. Stinson</i>   |
| 13. MISS HORSFALL—"So the next time you go shopping, don't forget to buy —"    | <i>E. Stead</i>     |
| 14. The Sign                                                                   | <i>D. Shalom</i>    |
| 15. MME. LANDES—"Smile. You are on Candid Camera!"                             | <i>K. Winser</i>    |

### UNIVERSITY ALUMNI SINGERS AT B.C.S.

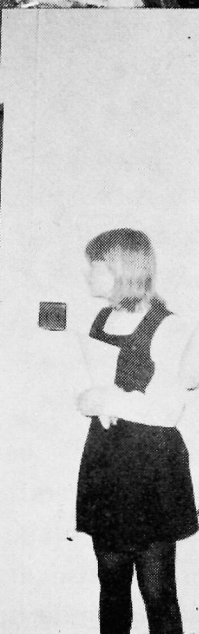
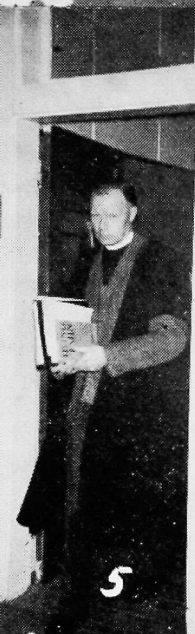
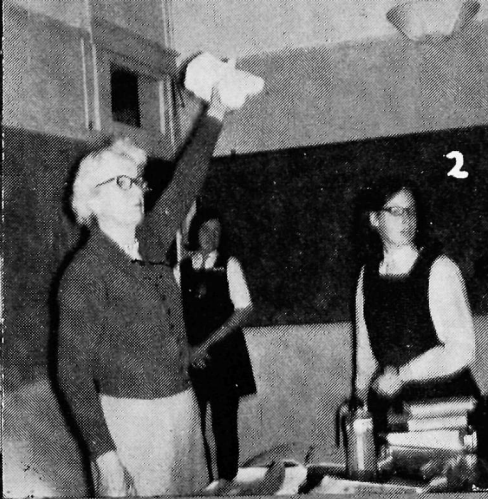
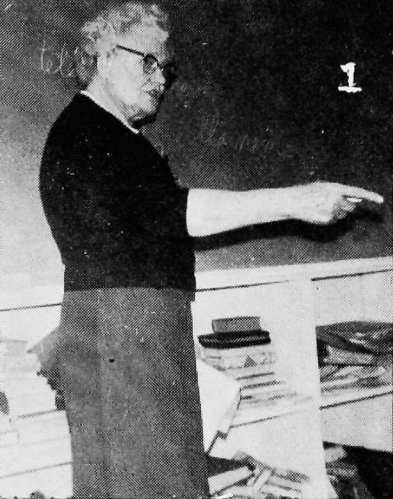
On Saturday evening, March 6, we were given an opportunity of hearing the University Alumni Singers at B.C.S. The choir, a mixed group of talented alumni members were strikingly dressed, the women in white blouses and red skirts and the men in black suits with red ties. They entertained us with a programme entitled "Bach to Broadway." This included a great variety of songs from contemporary musicals to traditional favourites, and had numerous surprises such as the rollicking arrangement of "Dry Bones." It was a pleasant distraction to watch the singers because they all seemed to be enjoying themselves as they swung their heads to the beat of the music, putting themselves into the mood of each song.

Our enjoyment was increased by two extremely popular "added attractions." The first was the B.C.S. boys' choir which joined the larger choir in several selections. The second attraction was the "Slingapore" folk-singing group consisting of five members of the choir. Their selections were the favourites of folk-singing enthusiasts (especially of us Comptonites). They also chose some interesting new songs to add to our memories. The programme ended with a suite from Gilbert and Sullivan.

We all truly appreciate the kindness of B.C.S. in having asked us to join their school and enjoy the concert with them.

SUSAN CADMAN, VI A.





# SPORTS



## SPORTS REPORT

Dear Co-ordinated (?) Sports Enthusiasts—

It has been a great year working with you as you have all been such good sports and so full of spirit.

The Sports Day in September began the activities with a bang, especially the Staff who appeared ready for the Matric. vs. Staff Game . . . in the most original (?) garb. Next came the soccer . . . and the running around the school before breakfast. The soccer team was undefeated — until the game against the B.C.S. Prep Boys (our senior team mowed down by eleven-year-old boys . . . how humiliating!) For the first time we had a volleyball team, as it happened, comprised entirely of VI A's. They played in a tournament in Sherbrooke. Speaking of volleyball . . . our senior soccer team was challenged by the B.C.S. First Football Team to a hilarious game of volleyball. We made up for our defeat by the Prep School and beat them . . . of course they were handicapped!

After the Christmas holidays we all came back . . . waiting . . . and waiting for snow. Scarcely any snow came. There were only a few ski lessons given, but numerous other activities were organized — such as our new K.H.C. invention, "snow soccer", a Staff hunt, which was so exhausting

that only four groups "crawled" back to the finish . . . a Prefect hunt, which was rather amusing . . . and confusing, paper chases, and scavenger hunts. We also had a Winter Carnival which was great fun in spite of the Arctic conditions.

With still no snow, we switched to swimming and badminton, which narrowed the lead in House competition to six points. There were a few tennis early birds — then the snow came . . . and a holiday of unexpected spring skiing.

The tennis tournament lists were posted as soon as we came back from the Spring Vacation and there are girls out on the courts every spare minute of the day. Our many Yogi Berras and Mickey Mantles are out practising for the House baseball teams.

We should like to thank Miss Braddick and Miss Keyzer for all their help and encouragement — and the whole school for their co-operation and enthusiastic support.

Our best wishes to next year's Sports Captains. We hope you enjoy your office as much as we have done.

Love from,

MUFFY and LEE.



**JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM**

Back Row: D. ELLSON; A. BROOMFIELD; S. MODIANO; N. KEYES; S. BUTLER.

Middle Row: J. BYERS; G. CALL; R. MACDUFF; D. THOMPSON.

Front Row: A. MCINNES; A. ESDAILE; C. SINCLAIR; C. MORTON; B. JOHNSTON; J. PARKE; H. WYLLIE.

## THE SOCCER REPORT

The whistle blows and they're off on ten laps around the soccer field to get into shape! The soccer season has once again begun and everyone as usual is full of energy and vitality and eager to try for a position on the school team. Those who do not try, however, are kept busy with House and Group games.

Last October it was quite a task to choose a team from so many keen and enthusiastic players, but the date of our first game, October 6, was fast approaching and so endless hours were spent practising in order to co-ordinate plays and players. We were, as always, very optimistic and ready to meet our first opponents, Sherbrooke High. We were fortunate enough to play Sherbrooke four times, twice with our senior team and twice with our junior team. Encouraged by victory, we went to play Bishop's University amid ominous reports that this year they were better than ever, but we were again lucky and returned victorious. Our next game against Bishop's proved more arduous than the first and ended in a tie.

One of the most enjoyable games was against the B.C.S. Prep boys, who are notorious for their fancy footwork and speed. Although we were defeated, everyone agreed that it was great fun!

**SENIOR SOCCER TEAM**

Back Row: M. GRANT; S. McDOWELL; M. STRATFORD; J. AITKEN; J. McMASTER.

Middle Row: J. STAIRS; L. ELLSON; J. FRANCIS; J. EAKIN; D. BRYANT; J. WALBRIDGE.

Front Row: C. LAWSON; B. BRYANT; J. STAINFORTH; A. COWANS; T. NICHOLS; S. REID.

Oddly enough, the highlight of our soccer season was a volleyball game!! Snow forced us indoors on the day we had been scheduled to play the B.C.S. first football team. Here, on the volleyball court, we found ourselves faced with real competition! Because the boys were restricted by severe handicaps, we managed to win.

We are grateful to Miss Keyzer and Miss Braddick for all they did to make our soccer season so enjoyable.

CATHLYN COOK, VI A.



B. BRYANT





VOLLEYBALL TEAM

Back Row: Y. RODE; S. JOHNSTON; L. ROBINSON; B. PECK;  
S. CADMAN; S. REID.

Front Row: A. CARRE; L. JONES; S. FLEMING; V. PARKE;  
T. NICHOLS; M. CHAPMAN.

### BADMINTON REPORT

This year both Senior and Junior matches were well played, and after such hard fought games it seemed rather a shame that one side had to come out on top. As we all know, though, in competitive sports there must be a winner!

Our victorious junior player in the singles was Christine Sinclair. In the exciting doubles' final Christine Sinclair and Barbara Carnon narrowly defeated Francine Sawdon and Stephanie Butler.

The Senior Badminton was very close, and both final matches kept the spectators clinging precariously to the edge of their seats! The singles finalists were Andrea Cowans and Joan McMaster — and what a game they had! Andy was the victor in the end, but we can congratulate Joan on a well-played match. In the doubles final Andrea Cowans and Joy Balloch played a tough and strenuous game against Joan McMaster and Jill Stainforth, coming out on top by a narrow margin.

All in all the Badminton was a tremendous success, and we all hope that next year's tournament will be played with as much interest and enthusiasm.

On behalf of the girls, spectators and competitors alike I should like to thank Miss Braddick and Miss Oomen, and also our two Sports Captains — Muffy Barker and Lee Ellson — for helping with and organizing the Badminton tournament.

MARILYN NICHOLS, VI A.

### SWIMMING

It is pleasant to report that the pool was used more in 1964–1965 than it has been for the last few years. Either Miss Keyzer or Miss Braddick supervised groups of swimmers after classes in the afternoons or after Prep in the evenings. We thank them sincerely for offering their free time.

On the afternoon of March 14 an Inter-House swimming meet was held, with representatives from each House taking part in the various events. In addition to the speed swimming, for which people had been especially chosen, all those who were willing entered the relay and obstacle races. These could be classified in the "Do-it-at-your-own risk" category. We had everything from head-on collisions to twisted knees. These misfortunes, however, did not quench the House spirit or lessen its expression by one decibel. At the end it was found that Montcalm had come out on top with a score of fifty points, Macdonald second with forty-three, and Rideau third with forty.

Although, as was said above, the pool was used oftener this year than last, we should all like to see a keener interest taken in swimming. It is not only refreshing and good for your waistline, girls, but it provides a welcome break during regular school activities. Miss Braddick is most willing to open the pool whenever possible. If enough were interested, time could be made for regular swimming and diving instruction, for water ballet and for learning and practising the latest life-saving techniques. All this can be done, but it needs you and your ambition.

ELIZABETH PATERSON, VI A.

### THE TENNIS REPORT

Tennis started almost as soon as we returned from our Easter Vacation. Every afternoon from a quarter past three until a quarter past four the two cement courts were occupied, and quite often the two gravel courts as well. Many a morning the ardent and energetic players enjoyed a game before breakfast.

By April 20th the Junior and Senior tournaments were well under way, though the Magazine must go to press before they are finished.

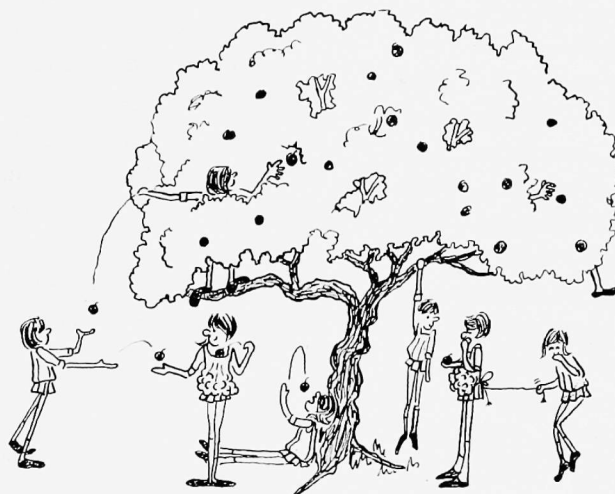
Miss Braddick kindly gave lessons to every class during one of the gym. periods each week. Extra coaching was also available for any girl who wanted it.

All in all, the mild spring is making this tennis season an excellent one.

NAN RUDEL, VI A.

# Literary

## Matric



### THE APPLE SEASON

SPECK

#### THINGS WE'LL NEVER FORGET

"There'll be a fire drill tonight"... Freedy's midnight birthday party... 6 Bigloo... Sydney's "Dear Jacques" letter... Rack-a-Sack... Pie's Easter party... **The Ugly Duckling**... Peter, Paul, Mary and Joy... Camel Riding... Sue's 103 cherries... Bathtub parties... Jeanie's poems... Roads and Canals... Francis' Roman toga... Canoe rage... Speck's expressions... The boy who never wrote... Wendy's Gazette... Ski hikes and peach jam... Bill's visit... "We are a little bit crazy"... "Minus five O.K."... Tilly... the ska... Char's oxfords... Prep hall clean up in two minutes... Love G.E... Stewart's pink slip descent on the cottage stairs... Margot singing descent to "Happy Birthday"... Front hall spiders at the formal... Big John shovelling coal at 6:10... Bev's algebra notes... T.G.I.F... Collin's cockney accent... Sunday visitors... Lawson's beetle craze... Corrections with Miss Ramsay... Splitting split ends... Barb's ailments... Swimming at Moe's river... Stairs' crossword puzzles... Heffalump cakes... Muffy's writing analysis... Hillcrest bus rush... Denise dancing the Merengue... THAT cat... Andy's hair twiddling... Coming back to school in a cow truck... McMaster's many nicknames... "Has everyone washed, combed her hair, got her complete uniform on and her shoes done up?"... "35¢"... Di's organization... Sliding on Windy... 16 letters to Mike Skutesky... Johnny's visit... Vivian's comments during class... Dipping in Keyzer's dam... "Give me a wiggle"... Stainforth always eating the crusts of bread... The annex... Being stuck in the classroom the night of the storm... The pond in spring... "Dear John" letters... "Bagged"... Slalom rings... 8 glasses of water a day... Hockey Hits... Jerome... Windy... Banana mush... The dead animal... Ether balls... Music to VI A Algebra tests... The pigs in the ravine... The G.B.'s... Skiing on the farm hill... Sugaring-off in spring time... Cheerleading... Watching the Beatles on T.V... Leap frogging... Chasing cows... Reading the French in prayers... Biology dissecting class... Blowing fuses in "Chez"... Danish exercises with Miss Keyzer... Sun reflecting... "What a rass"... "The Jolly Green Giant"... Phone calls... Being paired off... The day our rings came... Ping-pong and limbo contests... Singing with Chris and Dan when they came to see Joy... "We try harder" buttons... Mademoiselle's tidying... Da da da da da your sister Rose is dead... Gerry... Lee's straight hair... Hockey bets... Aitken's levis... Tennis before the rising bell... Mary and Banana mush... Music on Sunday night... Miss Ramsay's surprises... "It's divine, whose is it?"... Punch n' grow... Lamplough's aversion to pens... Miss Gillard's reading on Sunday afternoon... Being elves at the Christmas party... Miss Keyzer, a most wonderful Matric. Form Mistress.

## THE TROUT

The day was the best to be found in England in late June. We were on our way from Henley-on-Thames to Oxford, and stopped at Gidstow where my father knew of a small pub where we could get supper. This was The Trout. Upon entering the parking lot, we could easily tell it was no longer a "small" pub.

The brilliant late-afternoon sun glared down on a jumbled mass of automobiles, almost labelled with their owners' distinction and habits. The brightness was magnified and reflected off an enormous Rolls Royce Silver Cloud, and bounced on the wind-shield of an impeccably clean slinky Jaguar. With no less pride, an old Model-T Ford displayed the worn, almost shiny paint on its bonnet. There were hundreds of cars — some ostentatiously occupying the space of two more humble ones, some dashing little sports cars jammed in a few square feet, but all squeezed in together in the relatively small area. This was our introduction to The Trout. At first glance we could imagine the different kinds of people we were later to see, and the atmosphere was one of complete harmony, of no differentiation of class at all.

We were able finally to squeeze into the maze of cars, and then into the maze of respective owners and passengers, only to find our impressions magnified and beautifully illustrated. Almost everyone was enjoying the warm sunny evening outside, musing over a drink and watching the cool sparkling water of the Thames run silently under a derelict wooden bridge. The yard (if it may be called such) corresponded with the parking lot in that it was so full that one did not know where to tread, much less to find a seat. At one table sat two rather elderly, typical English gentlemen, both bent over a pint of draught beer, discussing — what else but cricket — how badly Eton had beaten Winchester and how close the next Test Match would be, with Straugham bowling for Australia! You could see in your mind these two as young boys, each on his cricket eleven at school, and each a keen Test Match attender; both were now grown up and had become too old for cricket, but were still ardent followers of every game. Nearby, but in quite a different world, was a middle-aged lady, apparently doing nothing but enjoying the evening and watching the peacocks strut back and forth, their magnificent feathers almost luminous under the brilliant, flawless sky. Perhaps she had come here for years and habit brought her back, regardless of the crowds, to sit and enjoy The Trout at

its best; perhaps merely to have her supper with company, unknown but nevertheless fascinating.

Young couples were sitting chatting over a Pimm's; some were the types you would expect to see at Ascot, and others you would expect to see racing around England in one of those dashing sports cars. Among these more outstanding characters you could see everywhere the simpler, less noticeable ones who make the bulk of company anywhere. They belonged to the simpler, less noticeable cars in the parking lot, and were just stopping for an ordinary sandwich, planning to leave soon, and to slip back onto the road and melt again into the mass of other ordinary English people.

It may seem to you that The Trout was patronized only by the middle-aged or elderly, but you are quite mistaken, for three generations were very well represented there. The third was, and I suppose — most naturally, the most vividly contrasted of all. I noticed several groups of well-dressed young men sitting, refreshed by a cold beer and off-handedly discussing something, or just thinking. These were probably from Oxford. You could imagine them on a Friday afternoon casually passing on the way to a class, and one would say to a friend, "I'll see you at The Trout," and thence to the familiar, friendly old pub. On the other hand completely, were a few of the strangest types I saw the whole afternoon. They were the ones who belonged to the worn Model-T Ford. Long hair, high-heeled boots and tight leather clothes characterized these few, and in some of them I could honestly not distinguish the sex at all.

One type I have not mentioned was unmistakably present, as was his means of transportation outside. This was the aristocratic English businessman with the ever-present immaculately furled umbrella, really relaxing at a table, obviously enjoying his solitude in that the company was lively and different and not bothering him in the slightest. He had very likely had a long hard day of business in Oxford, or maybe even in London, and had driven away in his Rolls Royce or Jaguar, away from work and nagging secretaries, to enjoy a weekend in the country.

All of this was The Trout. Its whole impression was rather like a jigsaw puzzle: there was a place for every different kind of person, and as each was added on a day like this, the picture became more complete and enchanting. With a small population, The Trout would have made a completely different picture, but would still have had character as a



secluded, quiet pub. The beauty of it was that although hundreds of people were present that afternoon, The Trout did not seem in any respect commercialized or loud. Everyone was content, not minding anyone else, rich or poor, and no one was in any particular hurry.

As the sun slipped down, casting its broad golden light as onto the many coloured, patchy scales of a fish, we slipped out unnoticed, but with an indelible picture planted firmly in each of us, and an elastic imagination full of potential dreams.

JOY BALLOCH, Matric.

### LOS CARNAVALES EN BARRANQUILLA

Los invito, amigos, a quedarse en Barranquilla durante esta semana y les prometo que se divertirán muchísimo viendo como los barranquilleros celebran los Carnavales.

Primero, los llevaré alrededor de la ciudad. En todas las vidrieras, se ven disfrases de todas clases; algunos son muy originales. Las calles principales están decoradas y en la plaza han puesto una plataforma enorme donde todos pueden bailar cada noche de esta semana. Hay también muchas casetas donde se puede comer platos típicos, y son deliciosos. Éstos son todos los preparativos para esta semana de celebración.

Es sábado por la tarde, bajamos a la calle principal, y en los andenes se ven chicos y grandes en disfraces; todos listos para ver la procesión de carrozas, y comparsas que pasarán. Ya viene la primera carroza. Se parece a un jardín inmenso, con una laguna llena de cisnes. Encima de cada cisne está sentada una reina, saludando a la gente que la aclaman con aplausos. Pasan más y más, y las reinas saludan y echan confetti y serpentina. ¡Estas carrozas son verdaderamente bellas!

El sábado y domingo por la noche se oye la música colombiana, emocionante y alegre, de un lado de la ciudad a la otra. Hay bailes en los clubes, en las casetas, en las casas y hasta en las calles. Es la costumbre que un grupo de hombres y mujeres salgan en la calle, y bailen la cumbia. Las mujeres llevan belas encendidas y los hombres, machetes. Y así pasan los días, llenos de baile y música y alegría en los rostros de todos. En el último día se nota que la ciudad está verdaderamente callada. Niños llevan un muñeco sobre una camita y van de casa en casa diciendo "¡Pobre Joselito, ay se murió Joselito!" Joselito es el espíritu de los carnavales, y el muñeco representa a Joselito. Como en "Hallowe'en," es la costumbre de dar a los niños, algún dulce, o algunos centavos. Así pues, amigos, se acaba con tristeza, los Carnavales en Barranquilla.

DENISE SHALOM, Matric.

### CANADA'S FLAG

#### Prize-Winning Flag Poem,

#### Upper School

A flag is an emblem,  
A symbol of unity.  
It stands for what  
The people make it stand for.  
Citizens cheer; soldiers salute  
Not the silk, but the  
Country it represents.  
Does it matter then if not everyone  
Has a maple tree in  
His own back yard?  
Does the extent of patriotism and  
Pride depend on colour?  
Why then comes dissension  
When the stripes are not blue?  
There may be bitterness, scorn,  
Disappointment,  
But were there a war destroying  
Our peace,  
Truth would shine like  
Sun through a cloud,  
And Canada's men would die  
For her flag.

JOAN EAKIN, Matric.

### SEEKING. . .

Have you ever seen a picture—  
Who can say that he has not?—  
Which gives you a certain message  
That by others wasn't caught?

Have you ever seen a building—  
Once again, can you deny it?  
Which to you seemed calm and holy,  
But to others seemed a riot?

Is a poem not like those, then?  
Can't it speak in different ways  
To the different types of readers  
As upon its lines they gaze?

When you've patiently explained it  
I can see your point of view,  
But might not I see a meaning  
That may go unseen by you?

JEANNIE WALBRIDGE, Matric.

## THE WILDNESS OF MY GENERATION

These I feel are the basic causes of the trend toward violence which the youth of today is taking: they have too much money lavished upon them, they are suffocated in their overcrowded environment, they are brought up with the immoralities of modern stage and screen drumming in their ears and they feel an inexplicable restlessness building up within them. In the following I shall attempt to clarify and justify the motives for their appalling behaviour.

These rioters are not the children of the lowest class, for those children must work; they are rather the offspring of parents who have worked hard and done well. The families are comfortably off and in many instances the parents do not want their children to be faced with the hardships which they themselves endured. In an attempt to protect their children they go to the other extreme and lavish money on them, granting the child's every request, but at the same time the parents are enjoying the many pleasures of this modernized world which they feel their own hard labour has made possible. They are more than happy to have their children, products of their own wilder days, out of sight and accordingly out of mind. If the child seems unhappy, the obvious solution is to give him more money; after all it solved their problems. The children are thus spoiled, neglected, and above all, misunderstood. They have cars, money and televisions thrust at them, but no one bothers to wonder if they might be happier doing something constructive. All the parents want to do is bask in their newly acquired wealth and surely that should be good enough for their children.

Secondly, the youths of today who are the cause of most of the trouble are city-bred. They know side-walks and street corners, theatres and apartment houses all buzzing with humanity. It is true that human nature craves companionship, but not to such an extent, or so constantly. We also require moments of peace and solitude when we can breathe deeply and let the world go on a pace without us. In the busyness of city life these young are rarely alone; they seldom have the opportunity to think out life's puzzles by themselves. Also, they never have a chance really to let themselves go, to work off their accumulated energy without causing a disturbance. You cannot just tear off down a city street because you are in that kind of mood; city children are not able to run up and down their driveways or around their houses when they have an excess of physical energy,

and therefore these energies keep accumulating within them to such an extent that when an opportunity arises they relieve themselves in one great whoosh — generally in the form of mass riots. This mad urge within them has found a vent and no amount of reasoning will convince them that their reaction is wrong. Depression too often grips them and with no one to turn to, they are naturally extremely susceptible to any idea which is put before them.

Thirdly, the immoralities of modern screen and stage have been drumming into their ears from their earliest years. When they are seized by depression or by an urge to let themselves go, the only path they see is that set by the movie and television programmes they watch. It is the older generation, the one which produces these trashy films, which is criticizing today's youth. Obviously they give little thought to the effects which their pictures are producing on the minds of the young. After all, were it not for the rowdy westerns and the immoral movies, I doubt very much if the teenagers would act as they do. They suppose that if the characters in movies find relief for their problems and depressions in the bottle or in rowdy behaviour then so can they. Freedom of the press can also be a bad influence; a riot or a crime may be described in vivid, almost glowing terms, casting a heroic light on the offenders. The teenagers read these accounts, are impressed and try it themselves. This reaction also occurs when these youths read the immoral stories printed in cheap pulp magazines. You may wonder why the rest of us who are subjected to the same material are not similarly affected. The answer is obvious. We have been brought up with care; pains have been taken to establish within us a balanced and proper sense of values, but these rowdy youths have not been brought up to differentiate between the right and the wrong; in fact, they have not been brought up at all.

Lastly, they feel an inexplicable restlessness building up within them for which they can find no vent. The bad examples of the entertainment world present obvious solutions to their troubles. With the puzzle thus solved, it does not occur to them to probe for a less objectionable or less violent method of relief. A common and favourite comment of our elders is that they were never like that. Of course they were not; when they were our age there were wars to fight and jobs to do. The young people of today are even encouraged not to work or at least convinced they need not. There is nothing for them except to ponder their

lot and as thought is not encouraged among them, their minds are empty. The few organized recreational centres sponsored by the city's well-meaning citizens are considered tabu. Those who attend them are scorned and held in contempt and considered sissies. These youths have no one to turn to, to ask help of; they would be laughed at if they sought the comfort of a minister or someone of a similar authority. Moreover they are convinced that they are more mature than their years and that they need no one, but of course they need someone. We all do, always.

MARY STRATFORD, Matric.

### UNE VENTE DE CHARITE

De bonne heure, ce matin-là, on faisait les préparatifs pour la vente de charité qui avait lieu ce jour même. Des personnes disposaient sur des tables: fleurs, gâteaux, bonbons, jouets, vêtements pour bébés et mille objets divers. La salle était claire, gaie et fort attrayante.

Bientôt, le foule arriva, et la vente commença. Jeunes et vieux se pressaient, emplissant la vaste salle, achetant tous une chose ou l'autre. Les enfants couraient partout, se poursuivant, serrant dans leurs mains des bonbons et suppliant leur maman de leur acheter tel joujou, telle timbale peinte qui avait attiré leur attention. On faisait emplette de belles fleurs aux couleurs éclatantes, de biscuits, de confitures etc. Quelle animation!

Quelques dames âgées, fatiguées du bruit, étaient assises à l'écart, sur un banc, bavardant et discutant des événements de la journée. Pendant ce temps-là, les étalages se vidaient, les gens allaient et venaient tout en échangeant un gai salut au passage. A quelques comptoirs, on servait des rafraîchissements, aussi l'odeur du café et du pain frais et chaud remplissait-elle l'air.

Une dame quitta la salle portant une lanterne et un sac empli de colifichets; une autre parlait à une amie d'un achat qu'elle venait de faire, après quoi elle sortit à son tour. Un vieux monsieur tournait indécis, cherchant un petit cadeau pour sa nièce. Finalement, il choisit un napperon de dentelle, qu'on lui enveloppa dans un joli papier; alors, un sourire de satisfaction sur les lèvres, il s'en fut avec sa précieuse acquisition.

Peu à peu, la salle se vida. La foule s'écoula, laissant les étalages dégarnis mais le sol jonché de débris. Les organisateurs, demeurés là, se mirent à tout ranger, oubliant leur fatigue de la journée car la fête avait été un véritable succès. Acheteurs et vendeurs étaient heureux du résultat de cette belle oeuvre dont le produit permettrait de soulager beaucoup de malheureux. JOY BALLOCH, Matric.

### MY FAVOURITE MORNING

How I would love to be given a whole morning to spend in my favourite shop. The pastry shop is my favourite, not because I like pastries, but because the people who go in with delighted faces and come out with their goodies in a white box, fascinate me.

The fat old lady in the red hat with the plastic yellow net shopping bag often appears. She goes in and points out the biggest, richest, most fattening, but also most delicious French pastry in the store. She will have it put in a small white box, done up with string, and will take it home as fast as she can so that she can settle down in a big chair with a cup of tea and enjoy every last bite of it.

The next customer is a little boy; his mother has sent him to buy cookies. Whenever children buy things in pastry stores they always seem to end up with a free cookie. The little boy has to buy a box of assorted peanut butter, sugar, fruit, ginger, and chocolate chip cookies. He has them put in a box and tied up tightly. Off he goes in the direction of home and arrives with his box, the string not even broken, but if Mother looked carefully she would see in the bottom right hand corner a rectangular hole about the size of the average chocolate-chip cookie.

Next to arrive at the shop is a plump, red-haired, freckle-faced girl of about fourteen who is supposed to be on a diet, but who, while passing the store, could not resist stopping in to buy a cream puff. The cream puff is not put in a bag, but is carried into the corner and eagerly devoured. The girl glances at herself in the mirror to make sure she has no cream on her face, and then leaves, hoping that any onlooker will think she used great self-control in buying only one.

How often I see a "sweet old lady" who has friends coming to tea, and who stops to buy a few things to serve them. Nut-loaves, fruit-loaves and date-bread, buns, biscuits and rolls are all brought out. After a lengthy debate, she finally decides she has just enough time to go home and make her own banana bread after all.

After a morning of watching these various customers ponder over everything from white cake to chocolate éclairs, I feel it is my turn. I usually buy one of every kind of pastry and proceed to sit on the bench outside and sample them until I find the one I like the best.

MARGOT GRANT, Matric.



## OBSERVATIONS

Have you ever noticed peoples' reactions to music?

"Why, of course," you will say. "if a person likes music he will go to concerts, learn to play an instrument, or just listen to records at home. If not, he will avoid it."

That is what my practical friend would have said, but let us be impractical for a moment. I went to a concert last Wednesday night. The pianist, John Ogden, had just reached the triumphant climax of a patriotic Russian march when, to my astonishment, I suddenly noticed that the top of the grand piano looked like a camel. Now why I should think of that, I could not explain. My curiosity fully aroused, I began to watch other people and my observations were of great interest. Among the many pieces played was Turandot's "Frauengemach" in which a certain part sounded exactly like "Greensleeves." At the first notes of the familiar tune, I saw a shaft of delight break across a girl's face and her lips began to move to the words. Across the aisle from me I noticed two young men, one watching each move of the pianist's fingers, his face a study of absorbed concentration; the other was sitting with his head on his chest, eyes closed and sound asleep. As well as these few eccentricities in concert-goers' behaviour, I noted the usual impatient glances at the gymnasium clock, the twiddling of thumbs, the cleaning of nails, the idle interest in a fly's pilgrimage to the radiator, and a diligent search for a lost glove.

After each piece ended the slight pause made me wonder why the audience hesitated to clap. Was the piece so breath-taking that people had to wait until their awe subsided or, going to the other extreme, was it played so badly that the audience was not sure whether they ought to clap or leave? On the other hand, everyone might just be waiting for someone else to start the applause — I wonder.

Classical music, however, is not the only type. Popular music also draws natural reactions from people. Imagine the atmosphere of a café. The silence is broken only by slow munching and by the clink of dishes. An enterprising youngster ambles over to the ancient juke box and hopefully drops in his nickle. A blast of jazz stabs the room into wakefulness. Fingers snap cautiously, hips twitch automatically, and then a brave couple sidle out onto the floor to dance.

An uproarious reaction that has hit teenagers throughout the entire world was caused by the Beatles. Television programs including songs by

this foursome often show more pictures of the audience than of the Beatles themselves. Girls scream, cry, moan, and faint while their idols chuckle at the hysterical scene before them.

Have you ever noticed how far one seemingly insignificant tune can travel? I heard the milkman whistling a cheerful song early one morning and, about half an hour later, I realized that I was humming the same tune. I soon had the whole family joining in. Then I telephoned a friend and, while waiting for her, I unconsciously hummed the song. The next day my friend informed me that she had started a round of the same tune in her own home.

Our family once watched a concert on television performed by a famous pianist. In announcing a certain piece, he mentioned the peculiarity that whenever he played this music in public the audience always coughed so much that the playing could hardly be heard. Of course we all determined silently that WE would not cough. To our amazement, however, a tickle mysteriously developed in our throats and cough we did — along, we assumed, with at least seventy-five percent of the T.V. audience.

It is at home, naturally, that one can really view and enjoy uninhibited reactions to music. This statement immediately brings a thousand pictures to my mind: the sight of father blowing into an imaginary trumpet with all his strength while a stereo record provides the sound effects; the uproarious sound of young children trying to imitate an opera singer on television; a piano teacher tapping her foot and frowning at every incorrect note played by the hesitant piano student; the jolly friendliness of a singalong hootenany in the back yard.

I think, by now, you must admit that people-watching is an interesting hobby, especially when the victims of observation are caught in the whirlwind of music.

JEAN WALBRIDGE, Matric.

①



②



## ON MEETING STRANGERS

One usually meets a stranger on a train, behind a counter in a department store, in a park, or at a dance, but I seem to encounter strangers under the most preposterous and comical circumstances.

I have even met some in a human size fish-net! At a certain ski-resort in the Laurentians one approaches the double-chair lift by climbing a massive ramp, approximately fifteen feet off the ground. As a precaution against anyone's being swept off the end of the ramp by the chair itself, a large net has been built off the end of the ramp to catch any poor skier who chances to fall over the edge. One day while skiing at this resort, I ambitiously climbed the ramp only to discover that I was to be "paired-off" with a very inexperienced and clumsy-looking skier. He was a "ski-bunny" in the real sense of the word, with baggy legs, and diamond-patterned socks outside his trousers. He also had a tattered ski jacket, wide open and flapping in the breeze, a multicoloured toque which had a bunchy triple turn-up hiding everything but his goggles, and on which hung an immensely long tassel that seemed to wind around his neck as though to strangle him. He took his place ready to receive the chair, but fumbled his ski poles in the manoeuvre, and I, standing beside him, could not possibly avoid being thrown with him into the net. What utter humiliation! We both landed head first with our feet and skis flying every which way in the air, and our now useless ski poles jabbing our legs, arms, and bottoms. My wretched partner was utterly confounded. His cumbersome jacket twisted and ballooned about him, disabling him so that he could not even take off his skis. When he tried to shift his weight onto his arms, his legs flung up again, and when he attempted to gain his footing, his arms and head jerked hopelessly. All efforts were in vain, and he ended prostrate, stomach down in the net, with his arms and legs sticking out through various holes and dangling in the air. He peered up at me with pitiful eyes and apologized for his mistakes.

We could only wait to be unknotted by an experienced ski patrolman. The world howled and jeered below us; we could both feel flaming embarrassment tinting our faces scarlet. After the net was lowered, we gathered our bits and pieces together and exchanged proper greetings, handshakes, names and excuses. From then until the end of the day, whenever we caught sight of each other, we exchanged shy, shameful glances and an

understanding that we both shared the same secret.

"Meeting strangers" — how different from expectations can a stranger turn out to be. After coming across a character in such a way as I have, do you not think it would be fun to meet strangers?

SARAH COLLIN, *Matric.*

## TO SEE

Eyes

Are mirrors of the abstract, reflections  
Of the spirit.

To catch the wink as it flashes  
From Grampa inspecting his pipe  
Is to see wisdom, patience, and comfort  
Blended with whimsy and wit.  
To capture the looks of children  
Lost in the realms of their fancy  
Is to see sparkles of guileless delight  
Set aflame the joy in your heart.  
To look in the eyes of a mother  
As she cradles a babe to her breast  
Is to see pride, exultation and passion  
Mixed with some marvel and awe.  
To view the full rapture of lovers,  
Hands joined in a world of their own,  
Is to see stars of and adoration and joy  
Exchanged in a moment of triumph.

Eyes

Are mirrors of the abstract, reflections  
Of the spirit.

To plead with the eyes of a beggar  
As he cries to his neighbours and God  
Is to see signs of despair and misery,  
The disappointment of dreams and of hopes.  
To look in the eyes of a Negro  
In search of a chance to succeed  
Is to see sadness, longing, and heartache  
Roll down his cheeks with the tears.  
To look in the eyes of wartime  
When a loved one fails to return,  
Is to see hate and incomprehension  
Simmer in anguish and pain.

Eyes

Are mirrors of the abstract, reflections  
Of the spirit.

JOAN EAKIN, *Matric.*

## BOOKS FOR ISLAND LIVING

If I were to live alone on a desert island the five books I should most want to have with me would be *Swiss Family Robinson*, Pears' *Encyclopedia*, *The Oxford Book of English Verse*, an anthology of Latin prose and *The Bible*.

In the first place I would have *Swiss Family Robinson* because it contains such a wealth of information concerning island living. Were I actually to live on a desert island the question predominant in my mind would obviously be that of survival. *Swiss Family Robinson* deals with all aspects of existence in such a place, in a most comprehensive and entertaining manner. I would make it my manual for house-building, food-finding and the conquering of many similar problems which would doubtless arise. Without this book I would probably erect my shelter in a malaria-infested bog, accessible to all wild beasts with man-eating tendencies, and completely oblivious of my peril I would proceed to eat all manner of poisonous foods, drink salt water and make overtures of friendship to ferocious crocodiles. With *Swiss Family Robinson* tucked confidently under my arm, however, I should build my house high in a strong tree well out of reach of any animals which might have designs upon my flesh, and near an unpolluted water supply. I should devise a clever system of bamboo pipes and vine pulleys, which, at the pull of a cord, would convey water into my tortoise-shell basin or palm-frond-enclosed shower. I would become a connoisseur of island edibles, laying intricate traps for tempting dishes which would grace my dinner table. From the versatile island I should create all manner of useful household utensils. I should befriend the animals which would serve me best; for instance, I should travel my domain stylishly on an ostrich, of course, as did the characters of *Swiss Family Robinson*. This valuable book would make me a self-sufficient islander and that I deem of primary importance.

In the second place I should have Pear's *Encyclopedia*, for as well as containing hints that might be useful to me, it is a source of great interest and would be sure to provide many hours of amusement. Conceivably there would be facets of island living overlooked in *Swiss Family Robinson* and no book contains a larger variety of information than Pear's. After an extensive study of Pear's articles on everything connected with my island I should be thoroughly versed in its character and could deal with my island less defensively, probing its secrets with confidence, thus making it a better friend and servant. One never knows everything and even if

I studied Pear's for a century I should not absorb one quarter of its information. Thus if I could devote my time to digesting only the most interesting facts it contains, I should increase my knowledge tenfold! In addition, some of the things dealt with in Pear's are most amusingly explained, for instance etiquette. I could humour myself greatly and so fight off the inevitable depression of a solitary existence.

In the third place I should have *The Oxford Book of English Verse* so that I could enjoy the beauty of words. For, helpful and entertaining as my two previous choices have been, there is nothing moving or unrealistic about them. *The Oxford Book of English Verse* would remind me of the beauties of my language and through the study of the poems it contains I could keep in touch with culture. When island life became unendurable I could lose myself in Wordsworth or Byron or Tennyson and travel with them to wonderful Utopias of the imagination. I could explore their minds. Surely living alone on a desert island, I should be prone to many strong emotions and *The Oxford Book of English Verse* might move me to express these feelings and I could find relief for my bottled mind through writing. Also, like Robinson Crusoe, Long John Silver, and others connected with desert islands, I might domesticate a parrot, but instead of the obscenities of speech usually associated with a talking parrot, my parrot would be taught to recite beautiful poetry which would surely be a great comfort to me.

In the fourth place I would have an anthology of Latin prose from which I could make translations. I am sure that if all I did on my desert island was to read my previous choices and to explore I would soon go mad, for an essential part of my mind would be neglected, that portion which reasons. An anthology of Latin prose would be a direct challenge to my mind. By doing a translation at regular intervals, I should keep my ability to reason well-exercised and my mind sharper and more preceptive. In addition I enjoy translating and find it always rewarding to focus one's powers of logic on some task, which although a pleasure is still difficult. Doing these translations would also keep up my knowledge of Latin and broaden my supply of general information.

Lastly, and of most importance, I should have *The Bible* as a companion in whom I could lose myself when loneliness overwhelmed me. Really *The Bible* is a large and more wonderful combination of all my choices. My father used to say, and the thought often recurs to me although I cannot



remember his exact words, that *The Bible* contains every kind of story one could possibly think of as well as a wealth of advice and encouragement. When you think about it, this could not be more true, and therefore *The Bible* would be my first choice of books, with which to be stranded on a desert island. I could read, for the pure enjoyment of good literature, wonderful stories of love, hate, violence, and adventure. In this same book I could find solace and succour in my times of self-pity and need, and examples of self-discipline that would make me eager for self-improvement. *The Bible* sets a multitude of examples to be followed, and gives wise advice for human conduct. Above all, through comprehensive reading, one may glean from *The Bible* an explanation of the intricacies of human nature and learn to discriminate between good and bad and to discern the sincere from the insincere and to choose for oneself the straight yet the narrow way of life. Were I, alone on my desert island, to pay strict attention to *The Bible's* lessons, enjoy its stories, yet understand the inner meaning, follow its examples and accept with gratitude its advice and comfort I am sure I would become an infinitely happier being.

I must say life on a desert island is beginning to sound rather appealing with nothing much to do except read and keep alive. I am finding it exceedingly difficult to call to mind the hardships of such an existence. Perhaps one day I shall leave civilization and ensconce myself with my books on an isolated tropical island far away from the trials and anxieties of this rushing world.

MARY STRATFORD, Matric.

### ON BEING SMALL

Scientists, I believe, have declared that mankind is increasing in stature with each generation. What will become of the small man who never had the glorious satisfaction of growing out of his clothes? Will he, with his indomitable hope that someday he will miraculously sprout, or that Santa will bring him a few inches next Christmas if he is good, be swept from the face of the earth by those who are bigger and stronger than he?

Did you ever consider that to him a shopping trip is a risky undertaking? First, in the car, he must perch on the very edge of the seat to reach the pedals and he must peer under the rim of the wheel to see where he is going. Extreme complications arise if he is forced to travel by bus as designers of these perilous conveyances obviously did not have the small man in mind when they arranged the hand rails. To use them he must either dangle in mid-air or hang onto someone who is fortunate

enough to be able to reach that high. A tightly crowded bus, therefore, is best for him. He may get himself comfortably sandwiched in while he summons his energies for the struggle of getting off. When these supports are unavailable, having nothing save the other few passengers to hang onto, (in which circumstances they become oddly disagreeable) our friend is volleyed back and forth like a marble in an empty goldfish bowl.

Upon entering the store he is immediately engulfed by the mob. Where it goes, he goes. He is carried along until he is either trampled into the floor or somehow manages to clutch onto a passing counter and let the throng rush by. Then, it is impossible for him to get any attention. After he has shouted for a while in front of a counter over which he can barely be seen, the saleslady either takes a coffee break or directs him to the lost-and-found department. Can nothing be done to aid these unfortunates? Roped-off sidewalks? Lower counters?

In social affairs his mortification increases. It is indeed terrible to sit in a chair and know that one's feet cannot reach the floor, but must flap conspicuously in the breeze. It is criminal to force such people to sit on large sofas where the knees do not quite reach the edge, leaving the legs to jut out like a two-pronged fork. Perhaps the short man's greatest embarrassment in the social field is dancing. Arthur Murray himself can do little to remedy this painful predicament. How can he ever achieve that manly feeling of strength and mastery if his partner towers above him? The small woman, too, has a difficult time. With a tall partner she either suffers from most excruciating kinks in the neck or else smothers in his lapel. Her arms become numb from the unceasing chore of tip-toeing. At least the small man has the comfort of knowing he cannot put a small girl through these agonies!

Of course, sports such as volleyball and basketball are proscribed unless, perchance, one cares to keep score or bring in the orange slices at half time.

Smallness, however, does have its moments. What woman, for instance, would ever forget the triumph of being mistaken for her husband's daughter? It is infuriating to look ten when you are twenty, but what fun to look thirty when you are forty! Buying children's clothes is humiliating, but how thrifty to be spared the tax! You can chisel in lunch lines; you can even wear a ten-gallon hat in the theatre and no one need ask you to remove it.

Do the advantages of being small outnumber the disadvantages? I wonder. Perhaps they do, but there still remains that haunting fear — is it true one shrinks with age? JOAN EAKIN, Matric.

### ADVERTISING TODAY

What colours predominate on the labels of the tin cans in your pantry? Did you really buy brand X because it tastes better or does it have a more attractive advertisement? Advertising today is a fascinating field because it is human gullibility and reaction that are being played upon.

It has been proved by testing that a person blinks almost twice as many times as normal when he sees the combination of red and white. These colours stimulate the nervous system, and consequently people are subconsciously motivated to buy goods packed in red and white wrappers. This association does not, however, apply to all products. Until a few years ago all oral antiseptics were red or white in colour. One company realized that people associate a clear blue with cleanliness. They put an oral antiseptic of this colour on the market and consequently it is selling very well.

Advertising becomes cut-throat when firms insinuate that their products are better than those of the other companies. This is done in a number of ways. How many times have you bought a product because it was reported to be better than all other products of its kind, that it lasts twice as long as all other leading brands? People just do not realize that if this were really true all other brands would use these ingredients too. Some companies even imply that only cultured, intelligent people buy their products. This advertisement appeals to the overwhelming number of inferiority complexes present in our society and it is shocking to realize how many people would be influenced to buy a product with such an advertisement.

Amusing advertisements are common and an inviting change. One of these pictures a small boy walking through some woods with a package of cookies singing that he really prefers them to girls. The thought of this appeals to all women because it is so typical, and to men because it brings back memories. Another kind of amusing advertisement is the highly ridiculous and fantastic. Many detergent companies compare their products to giants and tornadoes, thus attributing added cleansing power to the cleansers! Food companies have the ingredients walk and talk. Anyone finds it funny to see an onion walking into a pot of soup, or a tuna trying to qualify for a company's tin can. There are many subtle tricks in advertising; it is amazing how many can be detected if one is on the lookout for them. The next time you read a magazine, go shopping or watch television, beware! How clever they are! SYDNEY McDOWELL, *Matric.*

### THE APPEAL OF MODERN ART

Different kinds of art appeal to different kinds of people for many reasons; modern painting and sculpture appeal to me more than the masterpieces of old. The modern artist seems to put more feeling into his paintings. For instance, a dark mass of paint thrown onto canvas suggests that the artist was depressed and had something preying on his mind. This may be his way of relieving depression, or perhaps temper. He may draw long, sombre, deformed faces to express his hypochondria. On the other hand, if an artist uses bright yellows and oranges, he is probably in a very vivacious mood, and does not have a care in the world.

I saw a very interesting fresco in the Dartmouth College Library. It was done by a modern artist who has only one hand. As I looked at this fresco the thing I noticed right away was how the hands of his figures stood out like something black on something white. They were not any bigger than normal, but he had painted them in such a way that they caught my eye. The angle and position of the hands was almost three dimensional, which is unusual.

With modern art much is left to the imagination. The person who looks at the picture may see something completely different from what the artist was trying to express. There is a painting in the Chicago Art Museum called "Fish." When I looked at it I thought it was just a design done in attractive pale colours, but as soon as I saw the title and concentrated on the picture, I could see the fish, and they seemed to move slightly. Modern paintings are less intricate than older ones. What I mean is they are less detailed, and on the whole have smoother lines. Of course the detail in the old masterpieces is amazing and precise.

Modern sculpture leans toward the polished, graceful look. For instance, the work of Henry Moore is definitely done in this style. His sculptures of people with a hole through their abdomens say to me that he probably feels that he can see right through them, that no one can put on a face in front of him. He knows when someone is trying to be what he is not. This, of course, is only my personal interpretation. Many people no doubt would disagree with me about this type of art, but no matter how one interprets a modern painting or statue, modern art has become very popular indeed.

CHARLOTTE STINSON, *Matric.*

## THE COCKTAIL PARTY

It is a balmy evening, the 30th of June, 1975. Joan McMaster is in the throes of flinging a cocktail reunion party for the K.H.C. class of 1965. Everyone is finally assembled in Joan's living room, well, Barb's not here yet, but that is understandable; she is not expected until tomorrow. It's great to see everyone together once again, after ten years. The drinks are served, Joan seems to have an exceptionally large glass — and silver at that! Oh, of course — it's the Davis Cup. Several of the class have offered to lend Joan a hand Judy Stairs, her style remarkably like that of Bannister (the four-minute-mile man) is racing around with hors d'oeuvres. The entertainment is really superb tonight. Joy, who is extremely versatile with her guitar (she recently had great success at the National Folk Festival) is accompanying Char, "The Bunny of the Year", who is wiggling around the room carrying a tray of Playboy matches. Muffy is demonstrating on the chandelier, wearing a most attractive leopard skin — she has just made a contract with a film company and leaves for the jungle shortly. Nine-kin is busy cutting some capers; she is now considered the world's leading algebra authority, having at last, after five years of research, solved number seven on page 286.

Cathy Lawson, i.e. The Flight Lieutenant Lawson (first barmaid on the moon) is keeping in form. Speaking of the armed forces, there is Officer Lamplough. Remember Judy back at school? Well, she has changed; now she's early.

Sue McCain lies nearby. She perfected her dive to such split-second precision that she didn't miss the board — as a result her head is extensively bandaged. She is trying to converse with Margot and Denise. Margot descanted once too often and has lost her voice, so Denise is acting as her interpreter, but unfortunately, in her efforts to become multi-lingual, Denise forgot all civilized tongues, and can only speak a confusing Anglo-Chinese patois.

Suzie, who now runs a chain of low-calorie lemonade stands, whose specialty is the half calorie volcano, (a combination of celery juice and water) is leading an exercise group off in the corner, accompanied by the star of the "Sing-along-with-Jeanie-show" who is "fairing des roulades."

Tracks of mud, ground into the carpet, lead past the Davis cup and to the feet of Andy who is photographing Suzie, now on her sixty-seventh lap around the champagne fountain. Andy has forgotten to remove her climbing boots, having come directly from the Matterhorn where she has just installed a Jay-bar up to her ultra-modern glass chalet on the summit.

Lee, the now famous vet, who through extensive breeding of various creatures has produced the first known centaur since B.C., is remarking on Di's loss of colour. However, Di has a worthy answer — "It's all in the Red Cross Blood Bank." Apparently as soon as she could she donated twenty-eight pints; she realized that she could no longer get after the class.

All are certainly enjoying themselves, and are a lot steadier on their feet than they were at this exact time ten years ago, although Muffy has fallen off the chandelier and Joy is now strumming the back side of her guitar.

Vivian is reclining in a lush sedan chair, carried by two husbands. She is wearing thermo long-johns and a fur coat ("I remember that Canada was cold").

Sara, the creator of the popular cartoon strip "Girls of St. Gillian's" was recently awarded a Canada Council grant (by Mary, the first Canadian Prime Ministress) which could support her for a year at K.H.C. in which she can observe how things have changed.

The authors have gathered in the library to make sure that Joan stocks their works. Jill S. has just completed her fifteenth volume of "Problems with Triangles". Bev, author of "Bryant's Familiar Quotations" is juggling the tennis balls which Joan subtly placed in the punch. Wendy, the acclaimed problem-solver of the "Wendy, What Went Wrong" column is absorbed in a deep analysis of the Prime Ministress, present problem concerning a new flag — Canada's eleventh.

Freedy, who personally conducts a rubberneck bus tour of the coffee houses of Montreal, is trying to catch the attention of Phosia Collin who is doing a frenzied Swahalian dance on top of Jill Francis' portable skating rink. After a spectacular exhibition of the spinning-figure-eight-triple-jump-kick Jill bobs breathless in the punch bowl.

Sydney is sitting rather enchantingly blowing smoke-rings from her foot-long mauve cigarette holder as she inspects Jill's new invention the automatic, re-chargeable self-winding gear-box for Stairs who has slackened to a slow fifty.

We are the first to witness Pie's new advertising gimmick. She enters followed by seven dwarfs (she never told us that she had so many cousins. . .), each carrying a picket poster, recommending the purchase of stocks in the M.C.C.C. (Minnie-Chair Corporation of Canada).

Just as the last guests are leaving, in rushes Barb.

"Oh, is the party over?"





## VI A

Back Row: C. IVERSEN; N. RUDEL; S. JOHNSTON; J. CLARKE; S. FLEMING; E. JONES; L. ROBINSON; S. CADMAN; S. ABOUD; J. BONNAR; L. MUNDY; L. MCFARLANE; C. COOK; M. CHAPMAN.

Middle Row: G. RUSSEL; A. CARRE; C. PRESCOTT; K. MACKAY; L. PATERSON; J. MASSEY; J. KENNY; R. LUKE; S. HUTCHINS; S. REID; K. PEIRCE; G. GURNEY; K. WILSON; N. D. DOHENY; B. PECK; T. NICHOLS; P. MORGAN; Y. RODE.

Front Row: T. SMITH; E. NICKSON; V. PARKE; V. NELSON; M. STODDARD; S. SOLER; J. ROBB; V. RORKE; C. FINLAYSON.

## VI A FORM REPORT

This year, as last year, our Form of forty-one was divided into two sections, VI A Large and VI A Small. Although we were divided in body, having separate Form mistresses and officers, we were not split in spirit and held joint Form meetings every Friday night with Miss Morris and Miss Bennett supervising.

Our Form officers were as follows: VI A Large Form Captains — Stephanie Hutchins, Susan Cadman and Susan Fleming; VI A Small — Christine Prescott, Jennifer Robb, and Yvonne Rode. The VI A Large Sports Captains were Grethcen Gurney and Vicky Nelson; VI A Small — Lynne Robinson and Brenda Peck. We "shared" Elizabeth Paterson in the first term.

Most of our sports activities were either inter-House or inter-Form, but the school volleyball team was composed entirely of girls from VI A. During the third term, baseball enthusiasts met on one of the soccer fields to display their talents! Later on we turned really hardy and went on a nine-mile hike.

Although we were not excessively energetic in our athletics, we were kept busy with other occupations. We took tea duty and Prep lines as well as substituting for the Matrics, while they wrote their exams in May. VI A also constituted a large portion of the Choir and Library Committee. In the first term, VI A held a Red Cross raffle. Virginia Parke and Margaret Stoddard, our Form representatives, with the help of Susan Johnston, (the Red Cross Secretary), Margaret Chapman, Carol Finlayson, Patricia Morgan, Jennifer Robb and Gail Russel made health kits which were filled by the rest of the school. Our thanks to Ginny Parke who undertook the gruelling task of packing the kits. We also had fun making Christmas decorations for the lounge and decorations for the "Formal" in February.

VI A had several extra-curricular activities. Every Wednesday night Miss Morris kindly took us for Current Events. We watched the C.B.C. news and Miss Morris then answered any questions we had concerning world affairs. Every Thursday night in the first term we listened to a recording of "Romeo and Juliet", performed by the Old

Vic Company of London. During the second term, the Literature Club read, in parts, James Barrie's play "Mary Rose" and heard a recording of a condensed English version of Euripides' "Medea." The remainder of the year was spent in reading Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton". Our sincere thanks to Miss MacLennan for supervising this club. In the winter term, VI A formed a class library. The books were donated by various members of VI A for everyone's enjoyment.

At the beginning of April thirteen VI A's went on a tour of the Sherbrooke General Hospital. They saw how the hospital functions from top to bottom, and also made a tour through the Nurses' Residence.

We were not studious all year as shown by the good time everyone had at our Christmas and June Form parties.

We should like to express our gratitude to Miss Stickney, Mademoiselle Cailteux and Mr. Roberts for giving up so much of their valuable time to give us extra coaching classes in Algebra, French, and Latin. Our very warm thanks go also to our Form Mistresses, Miss Morris and Miss Bennett, who helped to make this such a wonderful VI A year.

SHEILA REID,  
VICKY NELSON

### THE VOICES OF SPRING

Spring with its flowery gardens,  
Spring with its bubbling streams!  
Its beckoning calls all creatures  
From everywhere, it seems.

Seas spread out arms towards me,  
Winds almost drag me along,  
Land begs me not to leave it  
Streams let me join their song.

To unknown lands should I travel  
With one of my friends, the sea?  
Or should I stay with the mother  
That always has fondled me?

It's hard to make this decision  
With both tugging at my heart.  
Though I yearn to see distant places,  
From home I don't want to part.

JEANIE CLARKE, VI A.

### NATURE

There's beauty in God's nature,  
A beauty unsurpassed,  
Like a breeze that whispers through the trees,  
Like raindrops on green grass,

Like ripples on a moon-lit lake,  
Like stars twinkling in the sky,  
Like spring flowers bursting into bloom,  
Like a merry brook bubbling by,

Like snowflakes floating to the ground,  
Like birds that glide on high,  
Like breakers crashing on the beach,  
Like the howl of the wind's cry.

There's beauty in God's nature,  
A beauty for us all to see,  
A beauty carved with God's own hand,  
As He made you and me.

KAREN PEIRCE, VI A.

### LOST FOREVER?

The "Lost" column of *The Noland Courier* reveals very strange losses, but perhaps the strangest appeared last night. It was written in heavy black print in a box at the bottom of the page.

"Lost: There are a number of things which I have misplaced, and I hope they will not remain lost forever, for they are all priceless articles. Perhaps one of the most important of them all is my sense of humour. It probably can be found somewhere between a joke that was played on me and my angry retort; it is one of my most precious possessions, but it is gone. I have also lost my patience, and that disappeared yesterday while I was trying to help a friend with a difficult problem. I have probably lost that friendship too, and it is most important for that friendship to be returned. I have lost only one more thing, and that is perhaps a loss which may stay lost forever. I have lost my foolish pride, but in that loss I have gained a will to apologize freely and to forgive when forgiveness is needed.

"If these lost pieces of life are found I would appreciate it if you returned them. The only reward I can offer is my gratitude."

There was no address at the end, for that person knew that only she would be able to find her possessions. She was searching for lost happiness.

CHRISTINE IVERSON, VI A.

### AUTUMN TO MAY

Snow is here, autumn goes,  
 Nasty colds, frozen toes;  
 Icy lakes, glistening spires,  
 Frosted bushes, toasty fires;  
 Huge fur coats, bright red cheeks,  
 Snowwhite rabbits, stern gray peaks;  
 Brandy puddings, Christmas play,  
 Santa, carols, Christmas Day;  
 New Year's Eve, sugar-on-snow,  
 Hearty skiers, whizzing tow;  
 Lumpy snowmen, cold crisp nights,  
 But now there comes a change of sights;  
 Birds flock northward, snowmen melt,  
 Soon Spring will make her presence felt.

SHEILA REID, VI A.

### ON EATING FLOWERS

Now I had no geraniums left. That dog had finally succeeded in eating every one of them. I decided to have a talk with Mr. Campbell, concerning his little beast. I paused at the garden gate and watched Mr. Campbell weed his garden.

"Funny it's always my garden that animal chooses to have his meals in," I muttered to myself. Then louder, "Mr. Campbell, may I have a word with you?"

"Hm'm?" he grunted back, sounding slightly annoyed. He didn't even glance up to see who it was.

"Mr. Campbell, it's about your dog—."

Before I could finish, he interrupted. "Can't hear you, what was that?"

I moved closer to him and sat down. Old men are always slightly deaf, I remembered. I began again.

"Mr. Campbell, I had these geraniums and—"

"Hold this pot of seeds for me, will you?"

I found myself grasping a huge pot full of something, but by this time I was growing impatient.

"Never time . . . spring's almost here . . . flowers got be planted. . .," he grumbled under his breath.

I smiled weakly, and thought, "If he keeps going at this rate, I'll never get a chance to get a word in!" I tried again. "Your dog has eaten all my flowers."

He looked up at me with a quizzical expression in his eyes and sighed. He screwed his wrinkled face into a troubled expression, shrugged his heavy shoulders, and then his face broke into a warm smile.

"Of course!" he laughed to himself, as though it happened every day. "Of course!" he repeated again, with an obvious tone of satisfaction in his voice.

I was quite annoyed, and was beginning to think that old men were also slightly insane.

"Are you telling me—" Before I could finish he had left, gone into the house and deserted me.

"That man —!" I was fuming. He reappeared carrying something in his arms; it was whimpering!

"She had puppies three weeks ago," he said gently. "This is the last one, and I thought you'd like to have it."

I removed the pot of seeds from my lap, stood up, and he handed me the puppy.

"Thank you," I murmured softly. "Thank you so much." I turned to go home.

"Feed her warm milk and bread for a week!" he shouted as I neared our back porch.

I nodded gratefully. I stopped suddenly, but smiled to myself and gazed at the puppy. Oh well, I never liked geraniums anyway!

CHRISTINE IVERSON, VI A.

### SOUNDS ON A BEACH

The sun is softly caressing my cheek and the wind is playing with my hair. As I sit on this patch of warm sand all alone I see much beauty, yet what do I hear? I hear the rushing impatience of the waves as they race to the shore; I hear the crash as each one reaches its destination; I hear the sizzle of the foam as the dying wave recedes, and a sloshing pause as the beach waits for the next "marathon" to come in. This is the ocean!

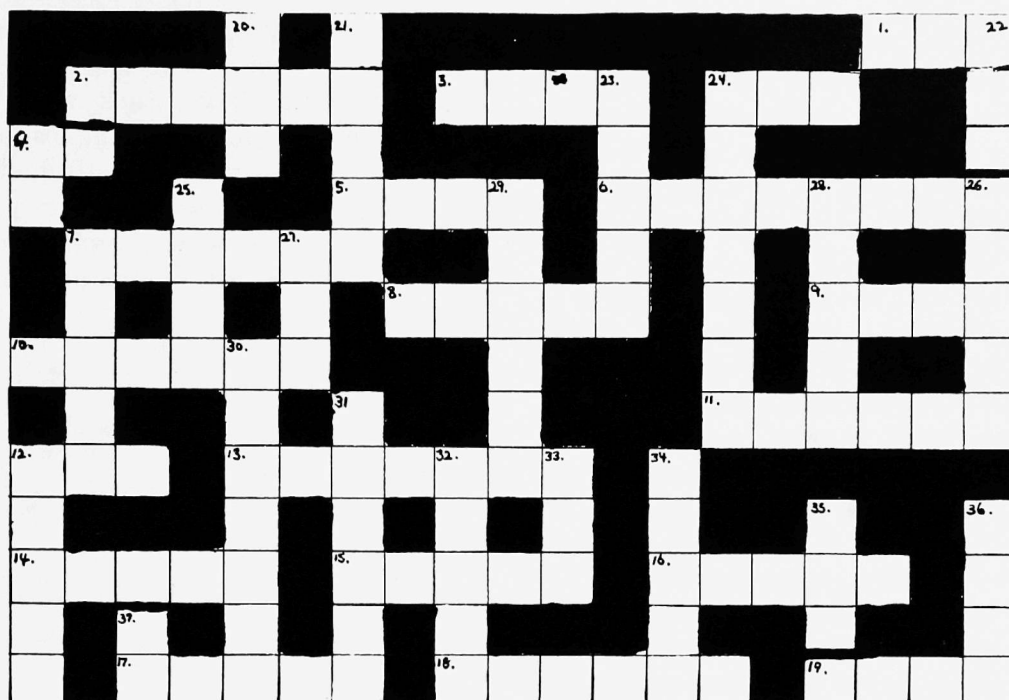
I hear cries above me — long moaning croons that are high-pitched and waiting to be answered. Then the multitude of replies fills the air. I hear the flap of a gull's wing as it goes about in quest of food near the shore's edge, the pattering of webbed feet as it takes off, and the squabble of the scrawny wild ducks. These are the birds!

There is a continuous "hushing" sound in my ears as if the great Wind itself were telling the rest of the earth to be quiet. It makes unhappy cries as it whistles through hollow logs and rock crevices, as if pleading. Poor Wind! It will never have its way.

There will always be wonderful sounds on a beach because the sounds of nature will never cease. Man tries boastfully to outdo this noise by his shouting, his engines, and his cities. All these might fall one day and disappear; yet I am not afraid. I can always sit on this lonely shore and be content with the everlasting sounds of the beach.

SUSAN CADMAN, VI A.





### VI-A CROSSWORD PUZZLE

#### A Helpful Hint:

In the puzzle you will find a combination of last names, first names, and of course nicknames<sup>top</sup> or initials to baffle you. Have fun!

#### Clues

##### ACROSS

1. That Luke rhymes with kook isn't really a fluke!
2. She's Library Head, so Reid says, "Read!" (pun)
3. Knits up a gale. (another pun)
4. Better known as "Farie."
5. Jenny's the genius.
6. Our Easter advertisement for Aspen.
7. Stowe Centre Specialty.
8. Happy Hutch.
9. Hey Robinson, who's your man Friday?
10. Deanie's off to the dentist, but don't think it's dull!
11. Constantly known to say — Ganonoqué or Rodier.
12. Rorke just ran to her namesake town.
13. Margaret, Marg, Margy or Margo?
14. Prescott will publish prizewinners.
15. Lives close to the border — down Stanstead way.
16. "Aboud Ben Adhem."
17. Is your hair naturally that colour? (Yes)

18. Barranquilla bombshell.

19. George G. ? Who's he ? Ask her!

20. Smallest thing on the golf course since tees!

##### DOWN

20. Champion of "Challenge."

21. Is Anne a Stanstead fan?

22. Smile, life is wonderful in British Columbia!

4. Our Jones from New Jersey.

23. "Taciturn" Tassy's topic: Woody!

24. Baie Comeau — Pulp & Paper & Sue.

25. Doesn't Jane Janson sound like a movie star?

26. Mozart's protégé.

7. Stars and Stripes' Spirit from south of the Mason-Dixon line.

27. "De qui parlez-vous? . . . Drew?

28. El Salvador's Señorita.

29. Tall, dark and hungry!

30. Nix for kicks.

12. Love that limey flavoured accent!

31. Summer is to GET Venezuela.

32. Happily hopping off to Hatley.

33. Ruds, or Ruddle — but not Ru-del as in noodle!

34. Our Quebecoise.

35. Our half of Parke & Parke.

36. Bonnar's bound to be a bedpan carrier.

37. Patricia, not Pamela, please!

*For Answer, See Page 53*

## CHALLENGE

Speech winning third place at semi-final of Public Speaking Contest sponsored by McGill Alumnae Society in Sherbrooke.

Have you ever experienced the over-powering feeling of a call to a conquest, that little voice deep inside you that says, "You must go ahead, try?" This is a challenge, and the ability to accept it is within us all. Challenge appears to us in many forms every day. It can be physical, mental, spiritual, or often a combination of all three. Take, for example, competitive sport — a type of challenge which appeals to the young. Although its basis is physical, it requires and develops mental and moral stamina, which builds up a reservoir of strength that we can call upon all our lives.

To show you what I mean — I challenge you now to a Marathon Swim! The contest is to be held in a cold, northwestern lake in the month of July. It is a bleak, stormy day, with a sharp wind from the northeast churning the bay into small whitecaps that fall over and over each other, racing for the channel that leads out into open water. There is a small island in the middle of this bay that bears a solitary cabin surrounded by tall spruce trees which appear almost black against the dark clouds. In spite of the lonely appearance of the place it is buzzing with excitement as about twenty children gather on the beach for the one mile swim to the mainland.

The signal is given to enter the water waist deep, and you do this quite willingly, feeling the icy dark waves splash about you stinging your skin; you grit your teeth, however, and think ahead. The official gives the instructions and cries through the land hailer, "On your mark!" You are poised; your muscles are taut. "Get ready!" Your heart is pumping furiously and you begin to lose your balance. "Bang!" The gun echoes across the bay. Simultaneously the swimmers lunge, and you begin the steady crawl and the rhythmic breathing that you know you must maintain until the end. The thing on your mind is, "Will I make it? Can I do it? Inhale! Exhale! Keep going! Keep going!"

You are alone in your struggle, and in a half-conscious state you leave all your trivial, personal thoughts behind; only your ordeal faces you and you alone must conquer it. Your enemies are time and nature; your weapons are courage and determination — the battle field is here. This is your challenge.

The end is near. You have put on your final sprint, and at last a strong hand is in your weak

grasp. You have an odd sense of being small and insignificant; yet you feel relieved and happy — proud that you have stuck with that challenge. No matter how small or unimportant your achievement may seem, you have still pushed that gauge of confidence up a few notches in your mind.

Every time you meet a problem or a task which might require a little extra ingenuity or physical endurance on your part — there is your challenge; go out and conquer! And every time you are faced with a puzzling thought, "Is it right or is it wrong?" — there is your challenge; go out and conquer! If you attack a difficult situation with integrity, common sense and hard work, you will come out on top. It makes no difference who we are, what our race or colour, we are all capable of trying our best. If you are ever depressed and discouraged, draw strength from that champion, Sir Winston Churchill. He met the greatest challenge of our time with dauntless gallantry.

He said, "Never, never, never give up — unless honour or reason tell you that you must."

ELIZABETH PATERSON, VI A.

## EYES, BUT WE CANNOT SEE . . .

Flecks of white foam edge a border along the honey-coloured sand, and the tumbling waves strain to cross it each time they break. Ribbons of sunlight pierce the clouds and form beams of yellow in the early morning haze. A gray gull circles lazily above the swells, and suddenly dives . . . and yet we are blind. . .

The small mud-brick huts are built close together, forming a solid line of life along the sluggish river. A stench of rotting fish and decay rises into the air and mingles with the smell of cooking rice. People are everywhere, walking, running, pushing, people who look undernourished . . . and yet we are blind. . .

A boy whose bony face and liquid brown eyes seem to speak for themselves, holds out a hand. His ragged shirt barely covers his body, which is diseased already. He is crowded against a wall on a filthy street . . . begging . . . and yet we are blind. . .

The wire fence ends abruptly a few yards away in a stone wall. Suddenly somebody is running . . . running towards the fence, and now he is trying to struggle beneath the cutting wire. He is almost completely under when the sound of a machine-gun stops him. He screams, and then there is silence. A church-bell tolls in the West . . . and yet we are blind. . .

Beauty, ugliness, despair, hope . . . and yet we are still blind.

CHRISTINE IVERSON, VI A.

### A DANCE DEBUT

The shrill of rock'n roll music rang through the vividly decorated recreation room. Ten boys, about the age of thirteen, supported themselves against the side wall while their grave expressions seemed to imply that fate was at hand. Directly across the room from the ten glum statues sat fidgeting ten species of the opposite sex. Each of their faces portrayed a timorous look which they tried to camouflage by acting vivaciously. The dance floor was empty; it only served as a dividing line between the segregated girls and boys. Balloons and streamers dangled from the ceiling which the girls often gazed up at in order not to look at what stood across from them. Such was the tense atmosphere of the first party that all these twenty characters had ever attended.

Patrick and Patsy McLaren, two twins whose main resemblance was their red hair and freckles, were playing the role of host and hostess that evening, much against their will. It was their anxious mother who thought it was time for her children to begin forming a social circle — mixed of course!

The host was scheming how to shift the party into action and after pulling himself together he found enough courage within him to ask a girl for a dance. After reviewing his plans, he disliked making the first move alone since he would be too conspicuous. Patrick slipped a dime into Jack's pocket, the boy standing next to him, as a bribe to dance with his twin. The two edged across the floor and having reached their destination, Pat became so tongue-tied that he merely grabbed a partner, a girl called Marianne, and led her to the dance floor.

"Um — what dance — do you err want to do?" sputtered out Pat to Marianne while gazing at the floor.

Marianne, in a rather pre-memorized tone, reeled out, "How about the Monkey, Frug, Jerk, Swim, Pony, Freddy, Clam, Jive, or if you can't do any of those dances — well then the twist?"

"Ah sure! Well — ah — let's try a bit of twist."

Pat began to sway and frantically keep in rhythm with the rather rhythmless tune blaring forth from the record player. He made clumsy motions as do most boys of that age while dancing. At one point he even made such a blunder as to step on his partner's new party pumps.

Meanwhile Jack and Patsy were flinging their arms in various directions, attempting to do the Monkey. The ease of this dance removed all trace of tension and soon smiles broadened across their faces. The four demonstrators on the floor lured

on those who seemed to be "holding up the walls." After the boys had glanced at each other approvingly, they rushed across the room in an almost stampede-like motion, took a partner, and joined in the merriment. Such was their introduction to parties. The worst had been overcome and the best was yet to come.

JENNIFER ROBB, VI A.

### THE SUNSET

The young child locked her arm in the elderly lady's as they slowly progressed down the path leading to the lake. The girl was not more than ten years of age. She was slight and quick and had a narrow face crowned with folds of long dark hair. She walked with a determined air although she gazed up at the older woman through adoring eyes.

They moved slowly on to the water's edge where they sat down on a favourite rock. Nodding and smiling the old woman patted the child's head and then sank back into her own silent thoughts. Her eyes wandered over the spot where she had so often come throughout her whole life. How many other times had she seen it just as it was this evening?

The sun had not quite disappeared behind the line of bluish mountains on the horizon. The whole scene was bathed in a golden light soon to be enveloped in darkness. A faint breeze stirred the leaves, causing a slight rustling; now and then came the song of the last birds preparing for their evening's rest. Little ripples of water slapped lazily against the rock and nearby pier. The old woman sat staring up at the sky, watching the different formations of the clouds as they caught the last of the golden hue. Here she felt as carefree and easy as the child seated beside her. She longed for her own youth again. At this she seemed to gain years in age; her eyes lost their former sparkle; the lines of worry showed more clearly. She realized she was not allotted much more time before her life on earth would be ended. She returned to this spot more frequently, well realizing that each visit might be her last. How difficult to give up everything she had loved; yet she felt sure that in the next world her dreams would be fulfilled. That was a place where everyone was happy.

All that remained to be seen of the sun was a fiery rim on the peak of one of the mountains. The young girl shivered and pulled her sweater around her shoulders. As she turned, prepared to leave, she saw the old and worn face once and forever peaceful and serene.

Now the sun had set and it was growing cold.

NORA D. DOHENY, VI A.



### SPEECH ON COURAGE

Speech winning second place in Public Speaking Competition at King's Hall.

What is the first thought that comes into your head when you hear the word "courage"? The first thought that usually comes to mind is of someone performing a brave and heroic deed — Madeleine de Vercheres, a fourteen year old girl fighting off Indians for a week with a garrison composed mostly of women, of two cowardly soldiers, of an old man and of her two brothers, both younger than herself. Or perhaps you think of Laura Secord, a young woman who risked her life to carry a message through enemy lines in the War of 1812. Both these are excellent examples of courage. To-night, however, I should like to speak about a different sort of courage, one that requires determination to overcome a challenge, a will inside you which urges you on to combat the seemingly inevitable, and a refusal to "give up the ship."

"If," as Kipling says, "you can trust yourself when all men doubt you," you will possess a very valuable type of courage. Columbus possessed this courage, for in the fifteenth Century there were not many men who believed that the world was round, and those who did were considered slightly eccentric, to say the least. The world was flat, everyone knew that, but Columbus had the strength of his convictions and to-day we can be glad he did. About four hundred years later, another young man began his struggle against odds nearly as great. He had a "silly dream" that men could talk across a wire. Alexander Graham Bell's "silly dream" became the telephone, while Columbus' "wild idea" turned into America. Both these men were their own supporters and morale-builders, but they had resolution and faith in their own ideas.

Try being a pioneer and just see how much courage **that** takes. I do not mean the sort of pioneers who opened up the West, although they were brave also, but just try doing something new and different in any field. Of course you may be lucky and your idea may be received with praises for its uniqueness and the ingenuity that went into it. On the other hand, it may not be received at all. Tchaikowsky wrote a new style of music and played it the way **he** felt it should be played. At first he was scorned, but now he is considered one of the classical composers. How much easier it would have been for him to have discarded his idea and gone back to conformity. If it were not that so many

men and women have had the fortitude it takes **not** to fall back into the same old ways we would not have some of the most magnificent works of art and fascinating pieces of literature that we possess to-day. About sixty years ago in Paris an artist dared to be different. He and a group of friends exhibited paintings which were ridiculed and scoffed at. To-day they are hung in great galleries and the name of Monet is recognized and valued.

It takes much the same kind of courage to stand up for what you think is right and what you believe in. Thousands of people throughout the years have remained firm in their beliefs. The Christians were persecuted ceaselessly for following Christ. Of course they had unshakable faith, which must have lessened the pain when they were being martyred in the Colosseum; they had the cross always before them in their mind's eye. Now a real cross stands forth in the place where they were killed — a fitting tribute. At first they were just a small group, but they hung on and to-day Christianity is known and practised the world over. Nowadays we are not thrown to the lions or anything quite as drastic, but it still takes a great deal of courage to vote for the people you want and not to "go along with the crowd." Someday your minority may become the majority, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you helped to make it one.

"If you can meet with triumph and disaster

And treat those two imposters just the same."

There are two people I think of when I hear these two lines from "If." The two were both young when they started on the long hard road to reach their objectives. The first, a young girl, was deaf and blind from a serious illness. The courage of Helen Keller and her teacher Anne Sullivan to combat this disability was remarkable. Not only did Helen Keller learn to speak, but she actually attended Radcliffe College and graduated. The second person was a young boy who, just before his teens, was in a serious fire in which his brother died and in which the young boy practically lost the use of his legs. The doctors all agreed that the legs should be amputated, but the lad would hear of no such thing. Glen Cunningham not only recovered the use of his legs, but he ran a mile in almost four minutes, a feat many men of his day believed impossible. These are instances of great physical handicaps which had to be overcome. There are other things in life that require courage to combat although the odds may not seem to be quite as imposing. Shyness, a tendency to be short-

tempered, carelessness — all have to be fought. How much easier it would be to fall back into the old lax ways, just because you meet with a few obstacles.

Courage is not reserved for the great only, or for any special age. Everyone has some valour in him even though it may be "way down deep." The spunk to go on alone, not to complain when everything is going against you; the resoluteness to stand up for what you believe in; the spirit to be honest when those about you are being false, all take the kind of courage found everyday. It is usually because everyday, ordinary people have this determination and bravery that they do become great. Perhaps, though, it takes the most courage of all to do this "simple" task:

"If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run—  
Yours is the Earth and all that's in it,  
And — which is more — you'll be a man, my son!"

SHEILA REID, VI A.

### THINKING

Sitting here in the dark staring into the gloomy sky, my heart cries out for peace. This small room is home to me, at least for seven months of the year. Must we live, depressed and lonely all our lives, or will we some day be happy with those we love ever at our side? This question enters my thought only too often. I must face the world and its trials and sorrows. . . This I understand, but will my mind ever be free?

Out there in the darkness the silhouettes of the five pines show vividly against the cloud-flecked sky. In the soft glow of the dreary moon they stand sedate, proud of their stature and purpose in life. These pines stand free of the pushing crowds to grow and live contented lives. Like all of us, they may have their bad hours, but these hours are rarely left to lengthen to days or weeks. Though one of them may die, the remainder thrive and continue to yield life and beauty to the world.

In the distance the rolling pastures spread over the hillside, and I can see the lights of a car leading the way along the road. There is always a light leading one's way through life with its dark hours of sorrow and grief . . . or through the bright cheery days when one feels glad to be alive. This light will never grow dim if one has faith and hope for the future. In a small prayer I say before I sleep I always pray that those I love will be always in God's care, that they may "walk in the ways of goodness lead by the light of love", for is not love bright and true? Yes, "God shall help us, and that right early".

"Seek and ye shall find" . . . happiness, love, and unity. One must work for one's peace, forget the past, dwell on the present, and dream of the future. This I see as I gaze into the deep, mysterious sky. There is God in that stream of light penetrating through the fluffy grey clouds! God will help me, but I must help myself as well.

"Ask and it shall be given" . . . I will ask God for His guidance, and for courage and faith. They are ours for the asking if we deserve to receive — but do we? What must one do to deserve the trust of God? I think we should always be honest and sincere and try to open our minds and hearts enough to help the weak in mind and spirit. We can spread joy and light throughout the world with a kind smile, or the strong clasp of our hand in another's. Those are a few of the many simple things one could do to make this world a happier place.

This is just one mind pondering the problems of life as my eyes search the shadowy heaven over my head, the silence of the night broken only by the gentle chimes of the old clock in the hallway. I sit here often in this exact spot when everyone is asleep and there is no sound but the rhythmic beat of my heart. It is snowing now . . . the silent flakes floating gently through the air. Another thing God has created, soft and beautiful — a symbol of his peace.

My mind is more at rest now that I have had this short period of time alone with the world. No, life cannot be figured out and conquered in just one night! But by going out of our way to do simple but pleasing things, the world would be easier to live in for all. We can all help by giving love, friendship and kindness to those in need. Yes, you could help too . . . it just takes a little thought.

MARILYN NICHOLS, VI A.

### THE COLOURFUL LESSON

I look ahead  
And there is green,  
Green smothered in chalk dust—  
    yellow chalk dust!  
A burgundy dress topped with grey;  
A bright earnest face with learning  
    "coloured wonderful!"  
I look around and my environs are  
    bright, excited, and busy,  
Apprehensive and active. . .

### This

Is the future generation  
In a colourful classroom.

SUSAN CADMAN, VI A.

### ALWAYS SMILING

I was rather uncertain of myself on the first day of my work as a nurse's aid at the Children's Hospital, but my doubts were soon allayed by a smiling child. She was an Eskimo about eight years old. Her hair was cut short, and sparkling white teeth appeared when she smiled. She was friendly, for she ran towards me, hands outstretched. Her twisted body yearned for comfort and friendship.

"Good morning!" I said as I gave her a lollipop from my pocket. She showed her gratitude with a smile and by gripping my hand.

I made a point of devoting as much time as I could to this Eskimo child, called Emile Rabbitskin. The day of my first difficult test was soon approaching. I was fortunate to have her as one of my patients on that day. I was required to do the "Pre-Op" care and after the operation the "Post-Op" care.

Emile, although crippled, loved to move around, yet the operation she was to have would immobilize her. What this would do to her spirit was what puzzled me. She was rather dopey as I wheeled her up to the Operating Room, but she still smiled and clung to my hand for strength and love. As I kissed her good-bye she brushed away a tear which somehow had escaped. When she came out of the anesthetic I was by her side. She once again met the world with a smile, even though her pain was acute. She was flat on her back with a cast covering both her legs and ending at her chest.

As the days rolled on she learned to balance various things upon the cast, including her tray. There were many inconveniences for her, however. Turning her over on her stomach, for example, required a great deal of skill, and often hurt her.

As the summer came to an end, so did my job. I said good-bye with a heavy heart, but she wished me well — as usual with a smile. During my Christmas holidays I made a point of seeing her as often as possible. Then once again the holidays ended and Emile, still bed-ridden, wished me well with a smile. On Spring vacation as I walked through the double glass doors of Ward 5-K a child, Emile, ran towards me, no longer with a twisted body, but still with her smile. I knew that Emile would soon be returning home after spending ten months in hospital.

I shall never forget the courage that eight year old child had, not knowing the pain and discomfort that awaited her. I never saw her shed a tear or utter an uncivil word. Her smile haunts me, and whenever I am unhappy I stop and think. Have my burdens been as heavy as Emile's? No! Then why not smile?

JUDY BONNAR, VI A.

### PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW

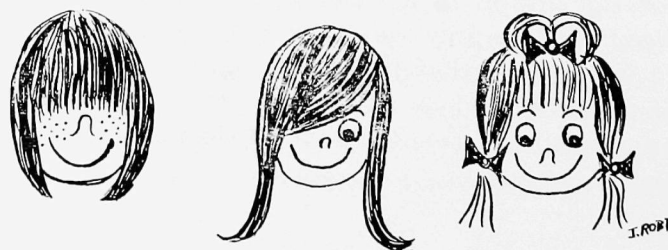
It was a cooler evening than usual for now and then a small breeze rustled the leaves in the trees that lined the old worn sea wall. The moon shone brightly down on the water, making a glittering path on its rippled surface, which seemed to beckon you to follow it out to nothingness. The sand was a cool grey-white marked with shadows hiding behind small mounds blown by the salty wind that day. Beyond the sea wall stood summer cottages with lighted windows that appeared almost to be looking out on the peaceful scene before them.

I walked slowly along the edge of the sea where the water lapped at the sand as every small wave reached its final destination. The water swished around my bare feet and then was drawn back to be part of the infinite ocean again. I had walked along that shore almost every night all summer long, but this evening it was so different, so sad — for it was the last time that I should be able to experience the beauty and enchantment of this beloved spot for many months.

I began to recollect the happy experiences of the past summer. How I would miss waking up to the calling of the gulls and looking out to see them diving to the water for small fish or resting on a seaweed-covered rock! I would miss the bright sunny mornings spent with friends on the beach or the bicycle expeditions along the sea wall for what seemed to be miles and miles. I remembered climbing along the craggy point to reach the summit and watch the waves roll slowly in as the sun beamed down on the sparkling water; I remembered the stormy days when we used to go to the summit, with the roar of the wind and the breakers in our ears, to be drenched by the angry waves as they crashed against the rocks.

Thoughts such as these brought tears to my eyes. What a wonderful, wonderful summer! There was so little to look forward to — boarding school and winter; yet as I took my last loving glance at the beauty that meant so much to me, I was reassured by knowing I would return to that paradise.

BRENDA PECK, VI A.





## A QUEEN

The flickering candle danced with the shadows on the wall, but Marie Antoinette had no time to watch the quivering shapes they formed. She was gazing fondly at the dishevelled head of her son. His limbs were sprawled carelessly over the narrow bed and a haughty little smile played on the corners of his mouth. She had always loved him this way, slightly aloof and amused, and all of a sudden she was very thankful that her last vision of him would be the one she loved best. For weeks now he had been abject and moody, for they had been imprisoned by the rebels. His limpid eyes had suddenly become icy slits of resentment and hatred. The corners of his compressed lips sagged downwards and his once clear forehead was constantly furrowed. He hated the rebels with all his heart. Young as he was he knew that they abused themselves, the people and all that France stood for by slaughtering the innocent to reach an unattainable state of "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity". She could hear them beneath her window now avidly awaiting her death like a pack of panting, hungry wolves.

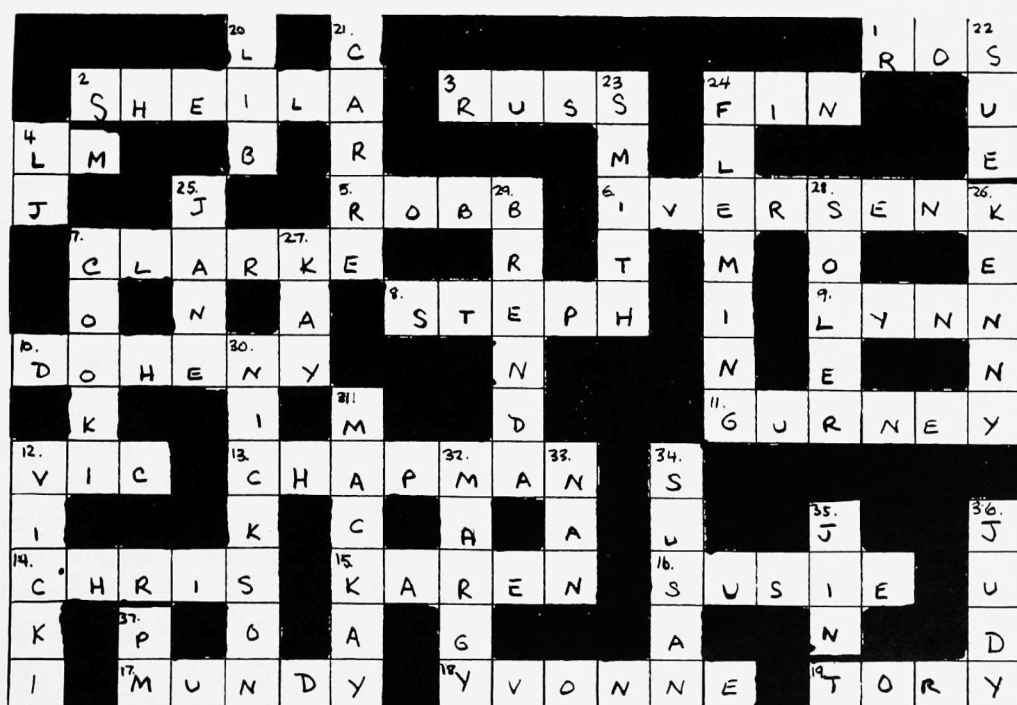
How fickle they were! Many of them had cheered eagerly for her when she was a young bride and was being presented to them. They had revelled boisterously for days when she gave birth to her son. They rejoiced with her and they wept with her. Now she wept while they rejoiced. Now those who had sworn to die for her were making her die for them.

She could no longer weep, for she felt empty; nor could she clench her fists or grit her teeth, for she was no longer exasperated. She was ex-

hausted and resigned to her fate. She merely sat and stared fixedly at the sturdy child on her bed. She knew that with the birth of a new day her life would end but. . .

An abrupt resounding cheer jarred her thoughts and she swerved around to the window to see the sun shimmering over the spires and hills in the distance. The key clattered menacingly in the door as a clumsy guard fumbled with the handle. Hastily she smoothed the brow of her child, but as she stooped down to kiss him she was snatched roughly away and swept swiftly through the corridors and halls until daylight burst upon her. She was thrust harshly into a rickety hay cart and ordered to stand with her hands tied behind her back. The cart jerked forward through the crowd which swayed dimly before her eyes. She knew the men were jeering at her and cursing her and she could tell that the women were sniggering at her tattered clothes and sending their children around the cart to attract her attention, but she felt nothing. They did not know any better, because she, their queen and servant, had never taught them any better. This sudden realization made her jerk clumsily and the bloodthirsty cheers redoubled. She ground her teeth and regained her former composure. Could she be a queen now in death?

She tossed her head defiantly and ascended the steps, her hands tied behind her back, and her face calm and resolute. An awesome silence filtered through the crowd as they stared at the queen. As the polished metal slab shuddered through the wooden beams at last she knew she had done her duty in death and she smiled and fervently thanked God that she had been a queen. KAY WILSON, VI A.





## VI B

Back Row: S. MEYERS; M. McIVER; M. PATERSON; S. MODIANO; A. BROOMFIELD; N. KEYES; C. BAEDER; C. SHARP;  
D. ARCHIBALD; B. CAMPBELL; D. THOMPSON; K. WESTHOFF.

Middle Row: P. ROBERTS; B. JOHNSTON; C. MORTON; A. DONALD; P. PORTEOUS; G. HUTCHINSON; H. WYLLIE; C. SINCLAIR;  
J. SMITH; B. ANDRAS; D. STINSON; D. KILPATRICK.

Front Row: J. RANKIN; M. CONDUIT; J. PATON; A. ESDAILE; M. MAGEE; J. PARKE; G. CALL; K. SOLANDT.

Absent: F. SMITH; J. BYERS; R. MACDUFF; H. McALPINE; J. BOWEN; A. McINNES; C. MOFFAT; M. S. PHILPOTT.

## VI B FORM REPORT

A thunder of cheers, a scramble of suitcases, legs and arms, and in plowed the VI B Comptonites for another year at King's Hall. A week or two passed and we found ourselves with a rather large class of forty! Therefore we had to split up into two sections — VI B Large and VI B Small, with two Form Mistresses, Miss Oomen and Miss Wheatley.

The first term Form Captains were Alison Donald and Marty McIver. The Sports Captains were Betsy Johnston and Margaret Paterson. Margie and Betsy organized soccer events and we found ourselves competing against other Forms. It was great fun!

Then one bleak October day we made our way up behind Windy Hill for picnic lunch. Fried chicken was steaming away in various haversacks and a record player — run by batteries — was neatly concealed until we arrived at our destination. We commenced to unload the food, procured the record player and generally "had a ball." Many thanks to the chef, Mr. Burt.

Those who took music in VI B were privileged to have tickets to concerts at B.C.S., while others frantically bargained with VI A's for any tickets that might have been left over. The concerts were all most impressive.

Many thanks to our Red Cross Representatives, Jarmaine Smith and Ann Broomfield, who organized events for us. Our raffle gave a distinguished looking memo board for first prize and some candy for second. In this raffle we made fifty-five dollars.

The Form Captains for the winter term were Jennifer Byers and Felicity Smith; the Sports Captains were Nancy Keyes and Penny Porteous. We want to express much appreciation to the Matrics. who gave us ski lessons. They helped us greatly, though the season was so short.

Again this year Madame Landes directed us in some French plays. We performed them at the beginning of the winter term. Thank you, Madame! Later in the term the Sports Captains organized a rousing volleyball game against the Staff. What a fight! However, in the end we won. Afterwards Miss Oomen and Miss Wheatley kindly distri-

buted lollipops and soft drinks, which we all enjoyed immensely.

Early in February we joined the rest of the school in attending the Canadian National Ballet in Sherbrooke. Towards the end of the winter term Miss Wallace, our Biology teacher, was very kind in taking us to the Biology Exhibition at Bishop's University. We certainly learned a great deal. Thank you, Miss Wallace! That same evening we again went to Sherbrooke, this time to hear the Alumni Singers at B.C.S. The term was not dull, as you can see.

In the third term our Form Captains were Ann Esdaile and Heather Wyllie, and the Sports Captains, Ginny Call and Cynthia Moffat. We ended our year with the performance of "Becket" written by Jane Bowen and Marty McIver. We owe much gratitude to Miss Wheatley for helping us get organized and for directing the play, and to Miss May for advising and inspiring us about the scenery.

We wish to express our appreciation to our Form Mistresses, Miss Oomen and Miss Wheatley. It must have been a tiresome struggle on their part to succeed in "taming" us. Once again, "Thank you both for everything!"

ALISON, MARTY, JENNIFER, FELICITY,  
ANN and HEATHER.

### THE FUNERAL

The chilly grey streets of London shook from the bellowing echoes of a death march by one of the masters. The slow march of the regiments, filing past the milling but sombre crowds made the ground tremble. The cortège continued on slowly but steadily. The people were quiet now; they were paying their last respects to a great man. Onward through the streets they continued, the coffin draped with the flag, and the Order of the Garter on a velvet cushion resting on the coffin.

On to St. Paul's Cathedral! A simple, sincere and beautiful service followed. Then by water to Waterloo Station, the last sea voyage of an old "Sea-Dog"! From there the cortège went to a small cemetery near Blenheim Palace. This was the funeral of a great man — Sir Winston Churchill.

MARGOT MAGEE, VI B.

### THE END OF AN ERA

All that remained now of the past few days' events was the silhouette of an elderly woman bent in mourning against a smoky grey sky, and the memory of a "grand old man" loved by all.

The last couple of weeks had been full of grief, sorrow and great mental pain, for this woman realized that a part of her life had reached its earthly end. She knew that her life would change; it had to, for the person whom she had loved the most had physically left this world. As far as she was concerned, by no means was this the complete and absolute end. Her memories of him would never cease to exist.

As she sadly gazed down upon the wreathes of flowers laid on the simple grave, we may imagine how her mind would take a short visit back many decades to the time when she had first met him. What a dashing young man he had been! So charming and pleasant to be with! She would recall their marriage and the birth of their various children. Most vivid in her memory must be the strength and courage her husband had shown during the hardest years in the history of the world. He had brought a nation's spirit up to the point where everyone, young and old, did something, somehow, to help win the war. The people had not forgotten either, these past twenty years, what he had done for their nation and for the rest of the world. For this she was glad and grateful, but still the sorrow must sit very heavily on her heart.

The public funeral and funeral cortège through the streets was very tiring for a woman of her age, but it was an honour never before bestowed upon a commoner and she must have been proud of her husband. All the world saw her quiet majesty.

At last, however, far from the bustling heart of London she was again alone with her loved one, in a little cemetery nestled away in a remote part of the English countryside. This is the place where a great man chose to be laid to rest.

Frequently in the future this figure will be seen, her head bent in prayer over a small simple grave. Although our thoughts of this woman's grief will perhaps be one reminder to us all of a great man, it is not the only thing that will keep him alive in our hearts. No matter where or who we are, there will always live for us the memory of a gallant, courageous and determined man — Sir Winston Churchill.

ANN BROOMFIELD, VI B.



### THE END OF TERM

(From a mouse's point of view)

Although term-time is pretty dangerous, the end of term beats everything. Instead of all the humans being normally hectic, the whole world turns literally upside down. If you found a cozy nook in somebody's bedroom, the bureau is turned upside down, sheets and comforters and pyjamas are thrown over the entrance to your hole, and you are suffocated. The beds are stripped, and the floor covered with clothes, blocking escape routes. The corridors are solid with blankets spread out to contain belongings, and the stairs are jammed with sacks and blankets, and people dragging them up and down. I remember a story my mother told me of how my grandfather met his death at the end of term. He was unobserved, and accidentally fell into a burlap garbage sack, landing in an empty Kleenex box. Before he could climb out, the sack was closed and dragged down to the furnace, where he met a most unhappy end! My third cousin twice removed was exploring a few cracker crumbs in some boots in a basement locker, when a girl came rushing down, hurled the boots — with my cousin inside — into a suitcase, threw a coat on top, and slammed it shut. It was several terrifying hours before the suitcase was opened and my cousin could crawl out, losing an inch off her tail in the process.

But don't let me give you an entirely misleading picture of the end of term. Many girls do not have room to pack the contents of their candy-cupboard, and most considerately leave them for us to enjoy. Clothes which are not needed are left in cupboards, again for us to make the best possible use of. Form parties, Christmas parties and end-of-term parties leave quantities of delicious crumbs and spots, all over the classroom floors, (and visiting parents usually manage to leave something edible.)

The end-of-term confusion is really almost beyond belief. I mean, it is bad enough all term, but...! If you have made a storehouse in the trunkroom, it is rudely shattered, and trunks are dragged upstairs to all the classrooms, and bags and suitcases hauled upstairs. All the humans make ever so much more noise than usual, and it really isn't safe for anybody. More of my family have met their deaths at the end of term than at any other time. There are compensations, however, because we live off the fat of the land (or should I say the school?) all through the holidays, but even so, aren't you glad you're a human, not a mouse, at the end of term? PAULINE ROBERTS, VI B.

### NEW FLAG

(Prize-winning Flag Poem —  
Middle School)

Against a winter sky of blue  
Stands our symbol that is new;  
The bright red and white rising high,  
All the proud citizens standing by.  
This is the flag under which we unite!  
Our country's banner—for it we shall fight.  
We fly it proudly o'er our land  
Which, from sea to sea, holds a mighty band  
Of people, Canadians, who see it there.  
We realize that nothing can compare  
To our country and our Maple Leaf.  
Here we are, a very proud domain,  
With our new flag that always shall remain.

MARGARET PATERSON, VI B.

### PICTURE CREDITS

1. "Are you cold Matrics.?"	<i>J. Walbridge</i>
2. Out on the Road	<i>J. Balloch</i>
3. Village Day	<i>J. Balloch</i>
4. Chez Nous	<i>J. Balloch</i>
5. VI A's in VI A Small	<i>J. Robb</i>
6. Visiting Hour	<i>J. Robb</i>
7. Yea! Compton	<i>D. Shalom</i>
8. Hallowe'en	<i>J. Robb</i>
9. On the Front Steps	<i>Margot Magee</i>
10. VI B Picnic	<i>Margot Magee</i>
11. VI B's Jamaica Fairwell	<i>A. Esdaile</i>
12. To the Concert	<i>Margot Magee</i>
13. Before the Formal	<i>K. Winsor</i>
14. Saturday Punishment	<i>J. Walbridge</i>
15. Watching T.V.	<i>C. Morton</i>
16. Setting Hair	<i>E. Stead</i>
17. The Prep Hall	<i>D. Shalom</i>
18. The Juniors	<i>D. Shalom</i>
19. Lunch	<i>D. Shalom</i>

### BEFORE THE EXAMINATION

The main activity before an exam  
Is me in the cupboard trying to cram.  
With the flashlight balanced on top of my head,  
Oh, how I wish I were cuddled in bed!  
The book propped up upon my knee,  
What if Miss Evans should happen to see?  
A straight minus five and Saturday work;  
Oh me, I'm slowly going berserk!

Of course there are those who don't have to worry,  
Those who need not learn in a hurry.  
Those like Bibs who have studied all year  
And don't at all mind that exams are here.  
Oh why her example did I not follow?  
I just am not ready for that test tomorrow!  
Really I need not have any fear,  
It only means I'll be VI B next year.

JEANIE PATON, VI B.





# ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

## DRAMATIS PERSONNAE

*Zeus*, Lord of all the Gods  
*Hera*, the wife of Zeus  
*Orpheus*, the son of Apollo and Calliope  
*Hymen*, the God of Marriage  
*Sericles*, friend of Orpheus  
*Pluto*, (also Dis) Lord of Hades  
*Persephone*, wife of Pluto  
*Bacchanals*, women who worshipped Bacchus,  
 God of Wine

## ACT I Scene I

(Mount Olympia. The palace of Zeus on Mount Olympia.)

Enter *Zeus* and *Hera*.

*Zeus*:—Here, my dear, I just knew that Orpheus and Eurydice would be perfect for each other when I arranged for them to meet at this royal feast of the Olympic Gods.

*Hera*:—I still reply, my Lord, that well-matched as yonder devoted couple look, a tragedy shall soon make ill the well.

*Zeus*:—Tut, green-eyed wife of mine! Calliope, the Muse of Lyrical poetry, and Apollo, the God of Music and the sun, have produced such a handsome son, that he is the cause of much sighing and broken hearts among females. His music is such as to make trees move. The fair Eurydice could indeed rival Venus in beauty. How could such a bright happy pair fall into dark tragedy? Besides, it was woven in the threads of the Fates that the two should meet. My intervention shall scarce change the colour of those threads.

(Enter Orpheus and Eurydice.)

*Orpheus*:—Eurydice, often have I seen you in Pan's fair domain, and my music speaks of naught but you. Believe me, I prithee, and say you will be mine to wife. Say you care for me as I for you.

*Eurydice*:—It is true, noble youth, I love you too. Often have I seen your beauty, inherited from your royal father, adorn the sylvan glades of my home. Your music, enchanting beyond compare, has filled my head with love for you.

*Orpheus*:—Then may we bid Hermes, messenger of the Gods, to announce our bethrothal?

(Arm in arm the lovers go to seek Hermes.)

## ACT I Scene II

(The Wedding of Orpheus and Eurydice. Gods and Goddesses are standing about in groups talking. Enter Orpheus and Eurydice. After the solemn service is accomplished, cries of "Hymen" arise. A regal youth bearing in his hand a heavily smoking torch steps forward. There is a quick silence.)

*Hymen*:—My torch, as you can see, does not, by burning with a clear flame, portend happiness for the newly wedded pair. A smoking acrid misery is instead indicated.

*Zeus*:—A pox on Hymen's torch! Of happiness shall these two have their fill. My blessings on the nuptial pair! On with the feast!

## ACT I Scene III

(Many months after the marriage, Sericles, a friend of Orpheus, enters the room.)

*Sericles*:—Orpheus, my good friend, dire tidings of the blackest despair do I bring. Forgive me for the words, but Eurydice is dead! Chased by an enamoured shepherd of the flocks, she fled, terrified. A serpent, hiding in the grass, bit her rosy heel, and death's stiffness now lies on her.

*Orpheus*:—No, by the River Styx, it cannot be, it will not be! Eurydice, I am determined, by my all-powerful lyre, to wrest you from Pluto's cold grip.

(Taking his golden lyre Orpheus strides from the room.)

## ACT I Scene IV

(Orpheus is ushered into the dank, darkly luxurious throne room of Pluto and Persephone. Pluto is muscular, with somber, regular features. Persephone by his side is beautiful but sad.)

*Orpheus*:—You must know who I am; I have come for my wife. I have travelled from bright Earth to Hell. Many dangers have I encountered on my long trip; my lyre has protected me well. Now I play for my Eurydice, for I will have her back.

(Sounds of unsurpassed, haunting music float through the listening palace rooms. Pluto and his consort are moved and are compelled to draw closer by the melody.)

*Orpheus*:—That is what my love for my wife is. Give her back to me, I beg you.

*Pluto*:—Your music draws the tears to my eyes. I love my Persephone, as you your Eurydice. She may go to the outer world with you, but



only if you obey this condition; neither of you must look behind you until you are out of my nether realm.

*Orpheus*:—A thousand thanks and my eternal gratitude are yours, my Lord. Am I dreaming? Is she really there? Why would harsh Dis grant me one of his precious souls? Is he playing a trick on me? I wonder if it is really my beloved who is there? Yonder the opening to the Upper World. Is Eurydice really behind me? I must know! (Orpheus turns his head for a brief, furtive glance. Eurydice, indeed following him, starts to fade away, going back to the place she had almost left. Orpheus, stumbling and in bowed resignation, reaches the light.)

*Orpheus*:—Of what good is this outside glare when my inside fire has been quenched so thoroughly. A curse on my faithless mind! Dis! Dis! You spoke aright; she was there, almost in my arms; and then gone far away. My lyre, good lyre, and my father's hands, play a sad tune for me. (Plays) What is this shouting! My Eurydice is dead, and they shout! 'Tis profanity against my Goddess of perfection!

(Enter a group of drunken Bacchanals.)

*Bacchanals*:—Come, come, be at sport with us!

*Orpheus*:—Begone, the time for sport has passed for me.

*Bacchanals*:—What, we are refused!

(Outraged they attack Orpheus.)

*Orpheus*:—Behold Eurydice! I knew that it was not for long that we were to be parted!

(He dies.) JANE BOWEN, VI B.

### THE RAID

One deep, dark, and dusky night  
I heard the whisper  
"Turn on the light!"  
So I did.

It was the night of our daring raid;  
So down to the kitchen we crept,  
Where we soon were seen by a maid!  
So we hid.

We made such a din  
That "They" all came in,  
So we hid in a bin!  
Under the lid.

After "They" had all left  
We all crept out and  
(Ah! We were so deft!)  
Back to bed.

MARGOT MAGEE, VI B.



HAPPINESS is VISITING



MISERY IS WHAT HAPPENS AFTER.

## THE SEA

One sunny day at the beginning of July I was awakened by the sound of gulls flying overhead. I could quite plainly hear the waves breaking on the sand, and I could see the sunlight making a familiar pattern on the dark wood floor as it came through the venetian blind. All these things were part of my life, as all through the summer I woke up to find them waiting for me.

After my breakfast I looked out of the window and already people were beginning to head for the beach. They were determined not to waste a moment's sun! When all the chores were finished I myself left to join my friends at the beach. Later on I went climbing on the rocks and then sat down for a rest. As I looked out over the great green expanse I could tell that far out at sea the ocean was rough. At short intervals great white fluffy things appeared on the surface of the water. These are called "white caps", but really look like mounds of soap suds. Because it was a clear day all the lobster buoys were visible bobbing up and down with great vigour. All of a sudden, a motorboat went gliding swiftly across the water creating bigger waves that seemed to make thunder-like crashes as they hit the glistening sand. The sand was getting warmer as the morning went on, and it looked as though someone had dropped diamonds all along the beach as he took a walk. The tide was getting higher and the waves were splashing all over the dark rocks. This was a typical day in Maine, really beautiful!

MARY SUE PHILPOTT, VI B.

## TROUBLES!

There once was a girl with a funny little curl;  
It came down on her forehead in a twisty little swirl.  
Whenever she tried to run and jump  
The curl would fall with a great big thump.  
Whenever she walked by a Staff she'd die,  
For the curl would undoubtedly be in her eye!  
In morning prayers Miss Gillard would say,  
"Jane, please put that curl away!"  
Jane would reply with a mournful cry,  
"Miss Gillard, this is the only place it will lie."  
So now you've heard of that poor, poor girl  
With the terribly argumentative curl!

CYNTHIA SHARP, VI B.

## THE SEA GULLS

Oh, how beautiful are they,  
That lift and drift through cold, moist air.  
Now they wheel and land on the bay  
And settle with a flurry of bright, white wings.

But hark, I hear a conversation  
Of two white gulls who argue fiercely!  
"— But don't you feel some elation  
When you glide on broad open wing?"

"Oh, but my wise old father,  
Whom I owe much due respect,  
I'd rather laugh and play with HER,  
Than glide on white broad open wing!

HEATHER McALPINE, VI B.

## I WANDER AND I WONDER

High up on the mount I walk  
To see the lovely view;  
All God's work stretched out below,  
To cover the whole wide earth.

High up here I love to wander,  
Watching the swaying grass,  
The singing birds, the whistling wind,  
The buzzing of the bees.

I love to wander through the woods,  
And dabble in the streams.  
I just stand and think such lonely thoughts,  
Which bring my God near me.

I like to watch the stream run past  
Over the rocks and mud;  
I like to block it up sometimes,  
And then to make it flood.

The water flows on, as life itself,  
To where, we never know;  
It makes me lonely to stand and watch,  
But I love it so.

KATHARINE SOLANDT, VI B.



## V A

Back Row: H. KAYE; N. CARTER; M. GRIFFIN; M. McLAUGHLIN; B. KIRBY; B. CARNON; F. ROGERS; K. WINSER; C. DUNLOP; D. HARRIS; C. PORTER.

Middle Row: S. BUTLER; V. BUCHANAN; D. ELLSON; L. AITKEN; E. STEAD; T. CROSS; K. OUGHTRED; S. CARIDI; W. HONEY; P. NORRIS.

Front Row: F. SAWDON; M. JERVIS-READ; G. MAGEE; M. JERVIS-READ; J. WADDELL; F. ST. CLAIR; B. BOOTH.

## V A FORM REPORT

In V A this year we have a regular United Nations: Lea Aitken and Susie Caridi from South America; Cindy Dunlop from Bermuda; Priscilla Norris from Washington, Tina Cross and Francine Sawdon from New York; Brenda Booth, Steph Butler, Barbara Carnon, Margot Griffin, Debby Harris, Belinda Kirby, Ginny Magee, Fiona St. Clair and Jennifer Waddell are from Ontario; Vicky Buchanan, Norah Carter, Dale Ellson, Wendy Honey, Martha and Mary Jervis-Read, Heather Kaye, Mary McLaughlin, Kathy Oughtred, Cecily Porter, Fran Rogers, Elizabeth Stead and Kathy Winser are all from Quebec.

For our first term we had Cindy Dunlop as Form Captain and Steph Butler as Sports Captain. We elected Francine Sawdon as our Red Cross Representative and Norah Carter as our Magazine Representative.

It was a very successful term. There were days when many of our energetic members could be seen outside kicking a soccer ball back and forth. One sunny Sunday, twenty-eight people were seen trudging up Windy to inhale the fresh air and to gorge themselves on all the delectable food Miss Braddick had organized for our afternoon hike.

After lunch we all sat in a circle and sang hit parade songs to the accompaniment of people banging away on an old tin can!

For our second term Priscilla Norris was Form Captain and Kathy Winser was Sports Captain.

The highlights of this term were the plays that V A put on in front of Miss Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown, the Staff and the girls. First came parts of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," acted by the girls at the cottage, and then a few humorous skits by the V A's who room at the big school. We hope the audience enjoyed watching these as much as we enjoyed putting them on.

One Sunday afternoon we went on another long hike, this time to Moe's River and back, through mud, snow and ice! Then Miss Gillard had all the V A's to tea, something which everyone enjoyed immensely.

During the third term, Belinda Kirby was our Form Captain and Kathy Oughtred our Sports Captain.

We should all like to thank Miss Braddick for everything she has done for us in the past year.

CINDY DUNLOP, PRISCILLA NORRIS,  
STEPH BUTLER, KATHY WINSER



### HOW I FEEL ABOUT NEGROES

I think that all Negroes should be treated with as much respect as we "white" people are shown. And what is so white and good about us, except the colour of our skins? Negroes on the whole, are less well educated than we are but not because they do not care, simply because they have never been given a chance. Negroes have always been treated as inferiors; they were slaves, and they likely will never be allowed to forget it. I have spent the last six years in a place where there are two or three negroes to one "white" person, and I have heard many people remark on how dirty they are. Well, I have never seen such clean and beautifully dressed people in all my life as some of the negroes in Bermuda.

To my mind, the worst part about discrimination is not allowing Negroes into hotels and restaurants. Are they supposed to be treated like animals, while we look down on them? Are we too good for them? There are several white people who if they are on a bus and a Negroe sits near them will get up and walk away. What, will the Negroes contaminate them? It is the same thing at movies; people will never sit in the "spook" sections because they are afraid of being called "Nigger-lovers." Yet there is no such barrier between any other two races. Why must we have one between ourselves and the Negroes? These are questions to which no one has a real answer.

### THE FOUR

Jack Frost has painted window panes  
With his small and frosted brush;  
The crystal drifts in all the lanes;  
In the street the snow is slush.

Tiny buds on trees do come,  
Golden daffodils appear,  
Birds and bees all start to hum,  
Sweet and lovely to the ear.

Soon the sun is warm again;  
One hears the splash and crash of waves,  
Pitter-patter of the rain,  
But we hide inside the caves.

Here again is the colour season,  
When leaves are reds and yellows,  
Ghosts and witches ride with reason;  
Harvest moon time, all you fellows!

KATHY WINNER, V A.

### FIRE

Not far away a forest stands,  
Spreading its leaves throughout the lands.  
A nice calm brook goes through the wood;  
There I'd dwell if I could.  
The campers find this spot ideal,  
Nice dry wood to cook their meal.  
But some careless camper drops a match;  
Soon it's nothing but a big black patch.  
Woods like these are much too rare;  
Why is it people do not care?  
So now as this charred forest stands,  
It only clutters up this land.

DALE ELLSON, V A.

### SURFING

A group of boys and girls carrying surf boards on the beach of Westhampton, Long Island, always draws a great deal of attention, but on this day the onlookers were more than just interested. The smell of salt water was clean and fresh and the waves rolled as you could imagine only in a dream. They were beautiful and mighty, but dangerous. Seen from a distance the people on the shore were just black specks on a white background. Out here it was different, with the water, the air, and the splashing of water over my surfboard as I sat and looked at the world in solitary peace. I finally realized that this was a different world in itself.

A feeling of freedom surged through me and I seemed to own this glistening heaven. The waves were now getting better and bigger. As I fixed my board in a North East position to coincide with the currents I caught sight of a beauty of a wave about fifteen feet away. I prepared myself and hoped for the best. I put all my strength into paddling so as to approach the wave at its crest and not to let it break over me. I just caught the rolling surf in time and I was standing on top of the world.

With the balance I had I slowly rose, my right foot in front and my left in the back, and slowly I levelled the board. I was full of excitement with the challenge to ride till the wave broke. It slowly enlarged under me and I changed my position to the back of the board so that the nose of the board would not sink down and flip me over. We were really moving now and the shore was too near. I did not want this sensation to end.

I was back on shore; I had made it! I grabbed my board and went out a second time. There I was again, sitting alone out in a wonderful ocean, in a wonderful "world" all alone though the whole world was right there to see me.

FRANCINE SAWDON, V A.

### FEAR

Does it every cross your minds that fear could be a missing seventh sense? People say they are afraid, but really they have only a small pang of uncertainty. Many people today do not know what fear is, although many others in Red China and such dictatorships have felt this awful sensation.

Unlike happiness, which is something one would want to share, fear is intensely personal. I think that some people say they are afraid to make themselves sound important. Little do they know that fear is really an inside shock of panic.

It takes much to be really afraid. You are not afraid when you see a mouse or when you realize that you have handed in the wrong prep. You are only pretending to be feminine or else you have a guilty conscience — and one should not be afraid of guilt. But, you are afraid if you know that there is an escaped convict wandering around in your neighbourhood or if a very destructive hurricane is approaching.

The next time you say that you are afraid, think it over. If you do not have time to think — you are afraid.

JENNIFER WADDELL, V A.

### POOH AT THE HOUSE ON THE CORNER

"What? Another one?" was my mother's incredulous cry when my eighteen year old brother walked in leading Pooh, his third and hopefully his last kangaroo. Not that kangaroos are not lovable, charming and friendly animals. It is just that they make so much chaos in and outside the house that my mother could not live with another, or so she said.

Pooh was the successor of Geronimo, my brother's second and most rambunctious pet. Gerry in turn had followed in Microbe's footsteps. The latter had been so named because he fitted into the palm of somebody's hand when he was first born. The name proved very inappropriate. Microbe grew to six feet and a half! He died in a car accident at the age of four. Geronimo, whose name was more than justified, was the terror of the neighbourhood's parents and the delight of its children. One of the good things that these two gay Australians taught us was to keep things out of reach, but out of reach for Microbe meant chair climbing for us. Geronimo died on the operating table while having a punctured lung repaired.

You may now be able to understand the reason for my mother's cry of happiness, apprehension and shock, but Pooh was the greatest credit to his countrymen. He never misbehaved. Around chil-

dren he was almost as gentle as a lamb. The only person he would wrestle with was my brother, but as soon as anyone else entered the room he would stop. He was a real gentleman, and he even obeyed when we told him to. The one thing he was afraid of was planes. Perhaps he had a premonition. When we wanted to take him abroad with us, while he was being led towards the plane, he ran away. An oncoming plane taxiing down the runway hit the poor confused animal and he died just as my brother reached him. He was quite old, but all of us missed him, and my brother refuses to buy another. He feels it would be unfaithful to Pooh.

PRISCILLA NORRIS, V A.

### WHAT AM I?

I am very small but very common. Even with "six limbs", I weigh very little. Most people use me for sports but others just like to look at me. I am well liked by some animals while others shun me. I can cause terrible accidents of all kinds if I am accompanied by many, many relatives; yet alone, I am very harmless. My "blood" is not red, but clear. I am noted for my beauty yet some people have never seen me. I can fall without running or walking and almost all my movements are graceful. My relatives at home and abroad are all the same colour except when used for decoration in an artificial form. Then we can be other colours. What am I?

(Answer: See page 65)

VIRGINIA MAGEE, V A.

### THE QUEST

As I sailed my frail craft across the gloomy strait to France, I wondered how I had found my way into this mess. Why was everything against our side? The sky was dark and clouded; the usually quiet rain blew into my face, making me squint. The seas bullied my little craft until it creaked and I was forced to stoop and bail out the water that crashed in on me every time a wave struck the boat. Though I was wet and cold I was forced on for fear that I would sink into the dark sea which lay beneath me.

The hum of Nazi planes made my blood run cold and the bombs that hit the little vessels all around me made me unsure of myself and I wanted to turn back.

I wondered and asked, "Why am I here? Why me?"

There was no answer save the sound of bombs, planes, gunfire and confusion. I could not turn back now; I must go on to Dunkirk.

MARTHA JERVIS-READ, V A.



### JUNIORS

Back Row: H. STEAD; D. SOCKETT; H. BOOTH.

Middle Row: S. CLARK; P. GREY; D. HORNIG.

Front Row: L. MACTIER; R. TISSHAW; S. JERVIS-READ.

### AN OCEAN STORM

Clouds crept in over the little fishing village and the sky grew dark. Against a jagged cliff the breakers smashed and the tide crawled up the beach and reversed again. Palms swayed in the wind and towered over the tiny fishing shacks. The heavens opened and down came a torrent of rain. Thunder roared and rumbled across the sky. The lightning bolted under the sea as if to save someone in the perilous waters. At last the storm blew over and the thunder rolled on.

DEBBIE HORNIG, V B.

### MOONLIGHT SNOW

I love to see the moonlight snow,  
And love to see it glow and glow.  
It sparkles like a diamond bright,  
It turns the velvet dark to light.  
And as my story closes down,  
It whitens all the roofs in town.

SARAH JERVIS-READ, IV A.

### THE ZOO

The lion roars;  
The leopard leaps;  
The bear snores,  
But the elephant sleeps.

The moneky swings;  
The parrot talks;  
The bees sting,  
But the tiger walks.

The seal swims;  
The rabbit hops;  
The frog sings,  
But the giraffe is tops.

The donkey haws;  
The camel humps;  
The mule hees,  
But the kangaroo jumps.

The swan glides;  
The penguin waddles;  
The chimp hides,  
But the duck paddles.

The buffalo roams;  
The birds fly;  
The magpie makes poems,  
But I say good-bye.

HILARY STEAD, IV A.

### HUSH LITTLE BABY

Hush little baby, don't you cry  
Mama gonna sing you a lullaby,  
And if that big fat fly don't sting  
Papa gonna get you a rusty swing;  
And if that rusty swing don't squeak  
Mama gonna get you a roof that leak;  
And if that leak in the roof ain't big  
Papa gonna get you a giant fig.  
And if that giant fig ain't good  
Mama gonna get you a little red hood.  
And if that little red hood ain't warm  
Papa gonna get you some sheaves of corn.  
And if those sheaves of corn ain't high  
Mama gonna sing you a lullaby.  
And if that lullaby don't put you to sleep  
You'll still be the nicest baby in the street.

REGAN TISSHAW, IV A.



**SNOW**

Snow is white and soft;  
It comes to whiten trees.  
I love to watch it waft  
So gently in the breeze.

At night the snow drifts down  
Along the country road,  
In trees all over town  
A flaky sparkling load.

PAMELA GREY, IV A.

**THINGS ABOUT THE RIVER**

The river flows into a brook;  
I look at the river and sometimes read my book.  
I saw a pretty little boat float on the water  
The frog hops along;  
I fish but I wish I could get a bite.  
The sun sets beautifully;  
The stars twinkle over the river side;  
The moon shines on the water.  
And the night falls until there is no light at all.

HEATHER BOOTH, IV A.

**DESK**

My desk is full of all sorts of things  
From big black shoes to butterfly wings.

Yes, my desk is awfully full of things  
From big, big rocks down to little bee stings.

If you ever came to look inside  
You'd say, "What a mess," and run and hide.

'Cause I like my desk this way, you see.  
So please don't be surprised if it looks like me.

REGAN TISSHAW, IV A.

**FOOD**

I love food  
When I am in a good mood.  
Meat and potatoes,  
I hate tomatoes.

I like desserts best of all  
Especially in the breezy fall;  
Ice cream and chocolate cake  
Don't make my tummy ache.

LINDA MACTIER, IV A.

**Answer from "What am I?"—Page 63**

Answer is a Snowflake.



**Autographs**

# K. H. C. O. G. A.

## PASSING THOUGHTS FROM AN EX-K.H.C. GIRL

It is a great many years since I was in the Matric. class at King's Hall but it seems unbelievable that my daughter is now in the same class. I hope that she has enjoyed her time at school as much as I did and keeps the many friends she has made during this period.

I do realize that while there have been many changes through the the years the school has kept to its ideal toward the training of girls to become women who will be able to take their place in whatever community they may live.

Basic changes that I can see have been the addition of a swimming pool, a new gymnasium, new classrooms, and of course the television.

Your Head Mistress, Miss Gillard, led us through many growing pains as I am sure she has guided all the present pupils through theirs. There is still the same rivalry between the three school Houses as when I was there, both in Sports and in Academic subjects — which I feel does a great deal for Team Spirit. There is till the same fire bell to awaken "Sleeping Beauties" for fire drill. There will be in the not so distant future new dormitories for the girls. I wonder if you still go visiting after lights out — which caused very boring punishment to be meted out.

In closing I want to say that in future years I am sure that the old K.H.C. Spirit will still be with you all. May I extend all good wishes to the Graduating Class of 1965 and wish them God Speed in their life ahead.

MIRIAM McCAIN (nee Holland).

## MARRIAGES

Sheila Douglas Lane to Mr. Philip Nicolson, November 4, 1962.

Cynthia Gordon to Mr. John McMurtry, December 22, 1964, in Toronto.

Joan Grier to Dr. Nelson Mitchell, November 28, 1964, in Ottawa.

Mary Fellows to Mr. Bernard S. Sulzman, June 18, 1964, Magog, P.Q.

Heather MacKenzie to Dr. Robert Ward Faith, April 5, 1965, Montreal.

Suzanne Elizabeth Meagher to Mr. Gordon William Hall, August 22, 1964, North Hatley, P.Q.

Maryl Ramsay to Mr. Peter Callanan Battin Jr., June 26, 1965 in Virginia.

Margaret Ogilvie to Mr. Graham Edgerton Brown, June 19, 1964, Montreal, P.Q.

Penelope Pasmore to Mr. John Claude Baudinet, May 16, 1964 in Montreal, P.Q.

Heather Dewar to Mr. John C. E. Luard, May 22, 1965, in Ottawa, Ont.

## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Barber (Linda Gordon) a son, on October 3, 1964, in Montreal, P.Q.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Baxter, (Cynthia Molson) a son, on September 17, 1964, in Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bignell (Barbara O'Halloran) a daughter, July 25, 1964, Quebec City, P.Q.

Mr. and Mrs. Ian H. Black (Shirley Eakin) a son, March 23, 1965, Winnipeg, Man.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brodeur, (Barbara Drummond) a daughter, August 30, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Bruce (Janet Hanson) twin girls, February, 1965, in Ottawa, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brazeau, (Jane Cushing) a son, October 29, 1964, in St. Jerome, P.Q.

Don and Donna Nicola Caracciolo, (Judith Trenholme) a daughter, August 9, 1964, in Montreal, P.Q.

Dr. and Mrs. John Burgess, (Andrea Rutherford) a daughter, October 30, 1964, in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. John Duncan, (Sheila Bulman) a daughter, January 15, 1965.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin, (Antonia Mitchell) a daughter, July 1964.

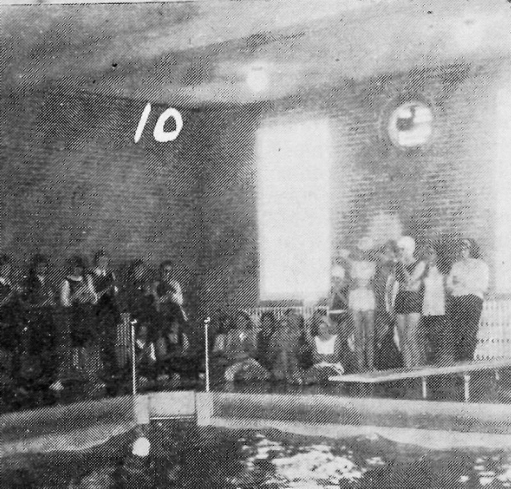
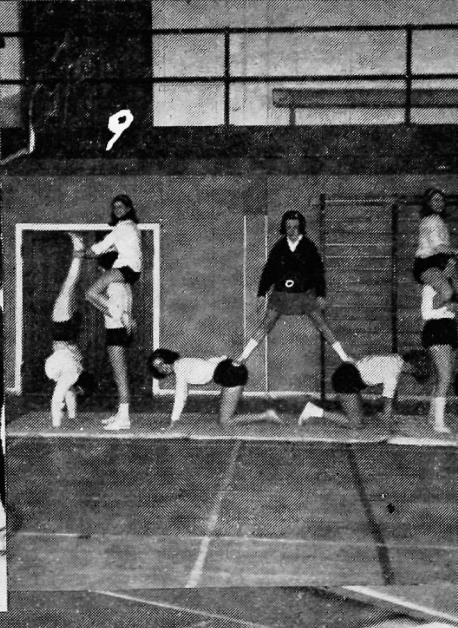
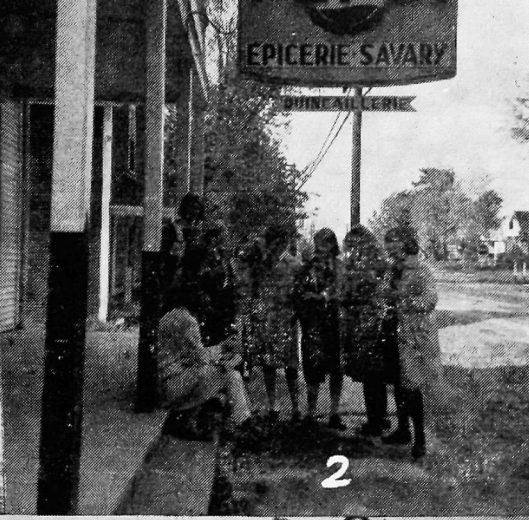
Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Holden, (Bette Lou van Buskirk) a daughter, January 26, 1965, in Montreal.

(Cont. page 68)

## PICTURE CREDITS

1. Arriving in September.....	Joy Balloch
2. The Village.....	Joy Balloch
3. Soccer.....	Denise Shalom
4. Père Noel.....	Margot Magee
5. Voices raised in song.....	Jennifer Robb
6. Carols and Mending.....	Joy Balloch
7. Soccer? on the snow.....	Jennifer Robb
8. The Winter Carnival.....	Denise Shalom
9. In the Gym.....	Joy Balloch
10. In the Pool.....	Nancy Keyes
11. K.H.C. Dance — B.C.S. entertains their hostesses.....	Joy Balloch
12. In the Lab.....	Joy Balloch







## NEWSETTES

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon C. Howatson, (Barbara Rooney) a daughter, October 16, 1964, in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Jeffrey Johnson, (Dierdre Allan) a son, July 26, 1964, in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Dun Lantier, (Josephine Hadley) a son, July, 1964, in Montreal, P.Q.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loewen, (Suzanne Chester) a daughter, January 19, 1965, in Toronto, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan MacCrimmon, (Sandra Smith) a daughter, March 6, 1965.

Mr. and Mrs. John MacDonald, (Penny Throsby) a son, June 28, 1964.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Raymond, (Gay Harding) a son, January 24, 1965, in Montreal, P.Q.

Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Thompson, (Heather Rogers) a daughter, October 17, 1964, in Montreal, P.Q.

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Webster (Diane Angus) a daughter, January 19, 1965, in Toronto.

Dr. and Mrs. Puddicombe (Valerie Morris) a son, in March, 1965.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Collombin (Ann Taylor) a son, April 15, 1965, in Toronto, Ont.

## DEATHS

Frances Ridley Fisher, (Mrs. Charles Edward Napier) died August 16, 1964 in Montreal, P.Q.

Catherine Guthrie, (Mrs. Shirley Woods) died July, 1964 in Ottawa, Ont.

Dierdre Allan Johnson and her family are now living in Brisbane, Australia, and will be there for five years.

Heather Allan Barber and Andrea Rutherford Burgess and their respective families are now living in San Francisco.

Jane Mitchell has been travelling in Spain and plans to spend the winter in Paris.

Siri Strom is married and living in Stowe, Vermont, still a wonderful skier!

Heather Woods Webb has recently moved to Philadelphia.

Jocelyn Gordon is living in London and has opened an antique shop called "Jocelyn's Antiques." The shop is very close to Harrods.

Flora Baptist has just moved to Burlington, Vermont, to take charge of nursing Administration in the hospital in Burlington.

Ray McCulloch is now a fashion co-ordinator for Oglivie's in Montreal, P.Q.

Mary Gilmore is supervisor of Emergency at the Hamilton General Hospital, in Hamilton, Ont.

Mary Ann Code is working in child psychiatry in New York City.

Alison Moreira is with British Overseas Airways in London, England.

Maryellen Rosseter, sales executive with Avon Cosmetics, in Montreal, P.Q.



## Staff Addresses

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.  
 Mrs. E. Bagley, York Street, P.O. Box 459, East Angus, P.Q.  
 Miss N. M. Bennett, St. Andrew's, 22 High Street,  
 Pembury, Tunbridge Wells, Kent, England.  
 Miss P. Braddick, 17 The Avenue, West Wickham,  
 Kent, England.

Mlle. O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.  
 Mlle. J. Daillier, 21, Allée de Trévis, Sceaux, (Seine)  
 France.

Miss G. Evans, 1165 Portland Ave., Sherbrooke, P.Q.  
 Mlle. C. Gauthier, North Hatley, P.Q.  
 Miss D. Gillmeister, Box 354, Hudson Heights, P.Q.  
 Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Miss V. Horsfall, Box 899, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.  
 Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.  
 Miss M. MacDonald, 42 Fingal Road, Dingwall,  
 Ross-shire, Scotland.  
 Miss F. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.

Miss J. May, Box 72, St. Andrew's East, P.Q.  
 Miss M. Morris, 5 Gibson Ave., Grimsby, Ont.  
 Miss C. Oomen, 26 Perrault Ave., Ste. Anne de Bellevue, P.Q.  
 The Rev. D. F. Roberts, The Rectory, Compton, P.Q.  
 Miss D. Stickney, R.R. No. 1, Site Box 5,  
 East Florenceville, N.B.

Miss D. E. Wallace, Box 1115, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 Mrs. M. Welter, North Hatley, P.Q.  
 Miss T. Wheatley, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.  
 Mme. E. Yarrill, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.  
 S. Aboud—2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mount Royal, P.Q.  
 J. Aitken—Apartado 1789, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 L. Aitken—Apartado 1789, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.  
 B. Andras—214 Russell Hill Road, Toronto, Ontario  
 D. Archibald—P.O. Box 261, Knowlton, P.Q.  
 C. Baedeker—P.O. Box 306, North Hatley, P.Q.  
 J. Balloch—Liverpool, Nova Scotia.  
 P. Barker—22 Granville Road, Hampstead, Montreal, P.Q.  
 J. Bonnar—765 Upper Belmont, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.

- B. Booth—Hill Top Farm, Yonge St. N., R.R. No. 2,  
Aurora, Ontario
- H. Booth—Hill Top Farm, Yonge St. N., R.R. No. 2,  
Aurora, Ontario
- J. Bowen—50 Arlington Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- B. Brockunier—78 Larchwood Drive, Cambridge,  
Mass., U.S.A.
- A. Broomfield, 232 Isabella Ave., Cooksville, Ontario.
- B. Bryant—Cedar House, R.R. No. 3, Magog, P.Q.
- D. Bryant—Cedar House, R.R. No. 3, Magog, P.Q.
- S. Buchan—8 Liguanea Ave., Kingston 6, Jamaica, W.I.
- V. Buchanan—650 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- S. Butler—675 Avondale Ave., Kitchener, Ontario
- J. Byers—604 Clarke Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- S. Cadman—544 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- G. Call—"Port of Calls," P.O. Box 238, Knowlton, P.Q.
- B. Campbell—3660 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.
- S. Caridi—Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
- B. Carnon—321 Chaplin Crescent, Forest Hill,  
Toronto, Ontario
- A. Carre—2205 Alta Vista Drive, Ottawa 8, Ontario
- N. Carter—33 Holton Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- M. Chapman—304 Rose Park Drive, Toronto 7, Ontario
- S. Clark—3009 Barat Road, Westmount, P.Q.
- J. Clarke—Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, 05672, U.S.A.
- S. Collin—Upper McNaughton Ave., Hudson, P.Q.
- M. Conduit—281 Besborough Drive, Toronto 17, Ontario
- C. Cook—11117 Waycroft Way, Wickford, Rockville,  
Maryland, 20852, U.S.A.
- A. Cowans—1607 Selkirk Ave., Montreal, P.Q.
- T. Cross—440 East 57th Street, Sutton Place,  
New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
- N. Doheny—18 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- A. Donald—P.O. Box 329, Ancaster, Ontario
- C. Dunlop—"Wittenham House," Smiths, Bermuda
- J. Eakin—635 Carleton Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- D. Ellson—Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.
- L. Ellson—Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.
- A. Esdaile—120 Dinnick Crescent, Toronto 12, Ontario
- C. Finlayson—Lakeshore Drive, Rawdon, P.Q.
- S. Fleming—69 Champlain Ave., Baie Comeau, P.Q.
- J. Francis—Box 220, Desbiens, P.Q.
- V. Gotthilf—Apartado Aereo 590, Barranquilla,  
Colombia, S.A.
- M. Grant—152 Minto Place, Ottawa 2, Ontario
- P. Grey—Casilla 96-D, Santiago, Chile, S.A.
- M. Griffin—216 Glen Road, Toronto 5, Ontario
- G. Gurney—17 Windsor Avenue, Gananoque, Ontario
- D. Harris—255 Clemow Ave., Ottawa 1, Ontario
- W. Honey—Box 100, Abbotsford, P.Q.
- D. Hornig—R.R. No. 1, Austin, P.Q.
- S. Hutchins—3455 Stanley Street, Montreal 2, P.Q.
- G. Hutchinson—14 Beavis Terrace, New Liskeard, Ontario
- C. Iversen—5697 Queen Mary Road, Hampstead 29, P.Q.
- M. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting St., P.O. Box 397,  
Coaticook, P.Q.
- M. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting St., P.O. Box 397,  
Coaticook, P.Q.
- S. Jervis-Read—54 Cutting St., P.O. Box 397,  
Coaticook, P.Q.
- B. Johnston—301 Palm Trail, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
- S. Johnston—1076 Thornhill Park, Quebec 6, P.Q.
- E. Jones—6 Hillside Road, Elizabeth, New Jersey 07208,  
U.S.A.
- H. Kaye—1395 Scarboro Road, Montreal 16, P.Q.
- J. Kenny—141 Howick Street, Rockcliffe Park,  
Ottawa 2, Ontario
- N. Keyes—P.O. Box 1, R.R. No. 2, Ottawa, Ontario
- D. Kilpatrick—310 Montrose Avenue, Rosemere, P.Q.
- B. Kirby—200 Rideau Terrace, Champlain Towers,  
Ottawa 2, Ontario
- J. Lamplough—478 Côte St. Antoine Road, Westmount, P.Q.
- C. Lawson—300 Acacia Avenue, Ottawa 2, Ontario
- W. Leggat—609 Berwick Avenue, T.M.R. Montreal 16, P.Q.
- R. Luke—Quarry Point, Como, P.Q.
- R. MacDuff—P.O. Box 141, Hudson Heights, P.Q.
- K. Mackay—Creole Petroleum Corp., Apartado 889,  
Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
- L. MacTier—1530 Caledonia Road, T.M.R. Montreal 16, P.Q.
- M. Magee—500 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- V. Magee—597 Weller Street, Peterborough, Ontario
- J. Massey—141 Dunvegan Road, Forest Hill,  
Toronto 7, Ontario
- H. McAlpine—5880 Inglewood Drive, Halifax, Nova Scotia
- S. McCain—23 Granville Road, Hampstead, Montreal, P.Q.
- S. McDowell—Small Point Beach, Phippsburg, Maine, U.S.A.
- L. McFarlane—641 Murray Hill, Westmount, P.Q.
- A. McInnes—5780 Inglis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia
- S. McIver—246 Harmer Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ontario
- M. McLaughlin, 67 Sunnyside, Westmount, P.Q.
- J. McMaster—3141 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
- S. Meyers—42 Farnham Crescent, Ottawa 7, Ontario
- M. Miller—4 Islesmere Gardens, St. Dorothée, P.Q.
- S. Modiano—Apartado Aereo 544, Barranquilla,  
Colombia, S.A.
- C. Moffat—10 Grenville Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- P. Morgan—3425 Northcliffe Avenue, Montreal 28, P.Q.
- C. Morton—41 Barat Road, Westmount 6, P.Q.
- L. Mundy—771 Acacia Lane, Ottawa 2, Ontario
- V. Nelson—452 Roxborough Road, Rockcliffe Park,  
Ottawa 2, Ontario
- M. Nichols—2423 10th St. S.W., Calgary, Alberta
- E. Nickson—Knowlton, P.Q.
- P. Norris—2909 Garfield Terrace, Washington 8, D.C., U.S.A.
- K. Oughtred—1425 Notre Dame St., Thetford Mines, P.Q.
- J. Parke—192 Governor's Rd., Dundas, Ontario
- V. Parke—192 Governor's Rd., Dundas, Ontario
- E. Paterson—1735 McGregor Ave., Fort William, Ontario
- M. Paterson—1735 McGregor Ave., Fort William, Ontario
- J. Paton—350 Stanstead Ave., T.M.R., Montreal 16, P.Q.
- B. Peck—617 Clarke Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- S. Peck—617 Clarke Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- K. Peirce—The Rectory, Stanstead, P.Q.
- M. S. Philpott—3980 Côte de Neige, Montreal 25, P.Q.
- P. Porteous—90 Fernlea Crescent, T.M.R., Montreal 16, P.Q.
- C. Porter—Fitch Bay, P.Q.
- C. Prescott—22 Richelieu Rd., Fort Chambly, P.Q.
- J. Rankin—15 Church Hill, Westmount, P.Q.
- S. Reid—350 Kensington Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- J. Robb—32 Forden Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- P. Roberts—The Rectory, Compton, P.Q.
- I. Robinson—687 3rd Avenue, Rawdon, P.Q.
- Y. Rode—Apartado Aereo 1487, Barranquilla—  
Colombia, S.A.
- F. Rogers—465 Barton Ave., T.M.R., Montreal 16, P.Q.
- V. Rorke—625 Linden Ave., Victoria, B.C.
- N. Rudel—4145 Blueridge Crescent, Montreal 25, P.Q.
- G. Russel—51 Belvedere Road, Westmount, P.Q.
- F. Sawdon—14 Sutton Place, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.
- D. Shalom—Apartado Aereo 32, Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.
- C. Sharp—3555 Côte des Neiges Rd., Apt. 2205,  
Montreal 25, P.Q.
- C. Sinclair—306 Broek Ave. N., Montreal West, P.Q.
- F. Smith—5758 Inglis Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia
- J. Smith—1011 North Swinton, Delray Beach, Florida, U.S.A.
- T. Smith—4295 Montrose Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- D. Sockett—3555 Cote de Neige, Montreal 25, P.Q.
- K. Solandt—36 Hawthorn Ave., Toronto 5, Ontario
- S. Soler—Apartado 539, San Salvador, El Salvador, C.A.
- J. Stainforth—c/o Creole, Apartado 889,  
Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
- J. Stairs—12 Maple St., Kenogami, P.Q.
- E. St. Clair—55A Castle Frank Road, Toronto 5, Ontario
- E. Stead—595 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- H. Stead—595 Roslyn Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
- C. Stinson—1 Hill Pond Road, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.
- D. Stinson—1 Hill Pond Road, Rutland, Vermont, U.S.A.
- M. Stoddard—"Inchley", North Hatley, P.Q.
- M. Stratford—c/o Lambton Loan, Sarnia, Ontario
- D. Thompson—320 Parkside Drive, Bathurst, N.B.
- R. Tisshaw—311 Church Street, Fulton Court,  
Georgetown, British Guiana, S.A.
- J. Waddell—14 Highland Ave., Toronto 5, Ontario
- J. Walbridge—196 Lakeview Ave., Pointe Claire, P.Q.
- K. Westhoff—Quinta Anita, Av. 21 69-84, Maracaibo,  
Venezuela, S.A.
- K. Wilson—64 Old Forest Hill Road, Toronto 7, Ontario
- K. Winser—4451 Western Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
- H. Wyllie—698 Churchill Pl., Baie d'Urfe, P.Q.

## Autographs



## Exchanges

- BLUE AND WHITE: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.  
BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.  
EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.  
INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.  
LAMPADA: Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.  
LANCE: St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A.  
LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL: Leeds, England  
LOWER CANADA COLLEGE MAGAZINE: Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.  
LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.  
MARYMOUNT SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Marymount School, Montreal, Que.  
POSTSCRIPT: The North Hastings High School, Bancroft, Ont.  
SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.  
ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.  
TECHNICAL COLLEGE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.  
TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.  
THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.  
THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.  
THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.  
THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.  
THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.  
THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.  
THE BOAR: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.  
THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.  
THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, Que.  
THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.  
THE ELEVATOR: Belleville Collegiate Institute, Belleville, Ont.  
THE GREEN AND WHITE REVIEW: St. Patrick High School, Sherbrooke, Que.  
THE GROVE CHRONICLE: The Grove, Lakefield, Ont.  
THE LYRE: Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE MITRE: Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.  
THE PIBROCH: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.  
THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.  
THE ST. HELEN'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE: St. Helen's, Dunham, Que.  
THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood School for Girls, Rothesay, N.B.



## **There's a good reason why more people bank at the Commerce**

They've found their local Bank of Commerce branch to be  
staffed with friendly, efficient people. These qualities of friendliness  
and efficiency add up to finer service. It's as simple as that.  
Isn't finer service what *you* want, too?

**CANADIAN IMPERIAL BANK OF COMMERCE**

Over 1300 branches to serve you

## **Autographs**

## COMPLIMENTS OF JAMES BOND

*Are you the type?*



Do you want to get ahead in the world?

Are you of average intelligence?

Do you like people?

Do you like to be useful?

Then you are the type to be a **NURSE.**

Now that you know, apply today to:-

MISS CLARA AITKENHEAD, R.N.,

Director of Nursing,

Sherbrooke Hospital,

Sherbrooke, Que.

The best opportunities are open to a  
graduate nurse from a well qualified School.

***Skinner & Nadeau Inc.***

**JEWELLERS**

MEMBER AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY



Branch Store

SHOPPING CENTRE

Telephone 569-7955

Main Store

82 WELLINGTON NORTH

Telephone 562-4795

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

THE BEST PLACE TO EAT • ALSO TAKE OUT ORDERS

AIR CONDITIONED

***Nanking Cafe Inc.***

Jack W. Lee, Manager

BEER AND WINE • CHINESE DISHES

2637 KING STREET W.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.





# BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY

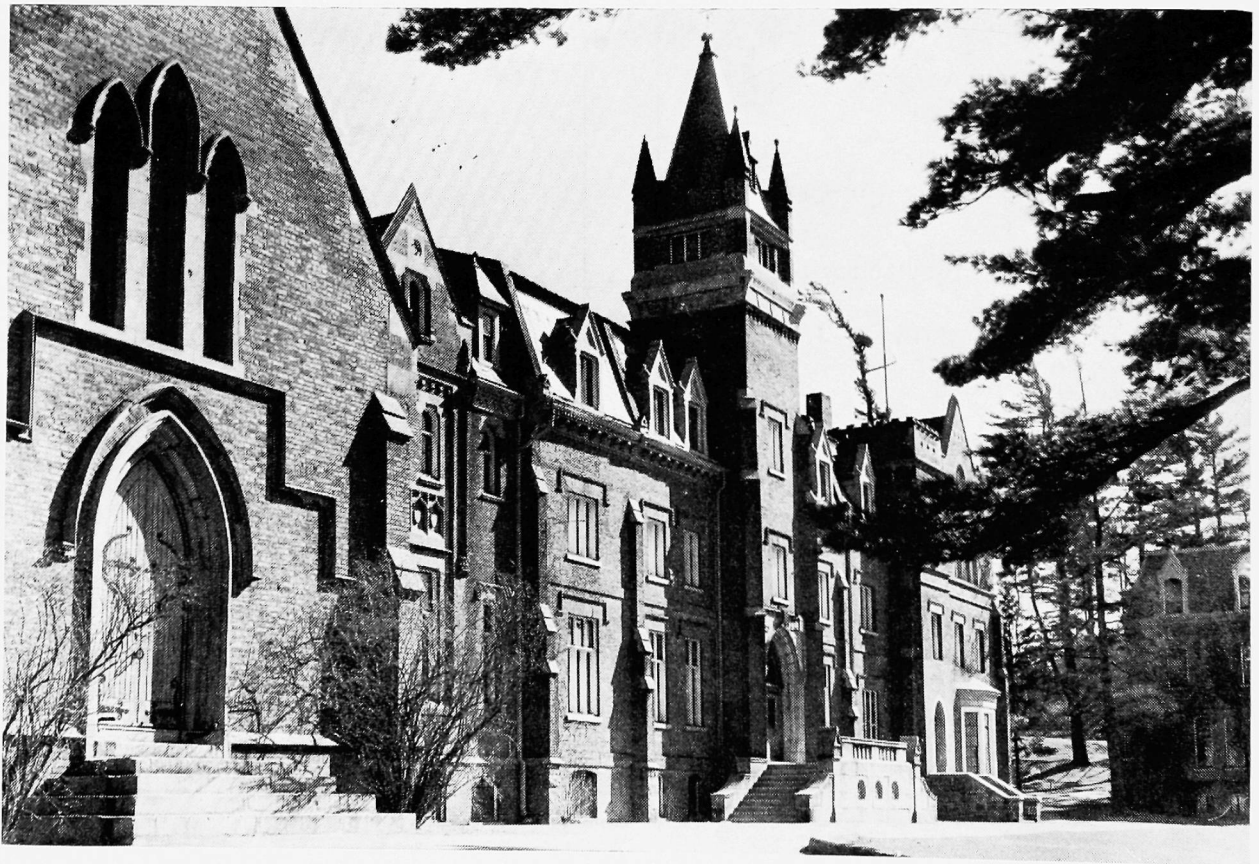
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

FOUNDED 1843

*A Residential University for Men and Women*

OFFERING COURSES IN

ARTS ♦ SCIENCE ♦ BUSINESS ♦ ADMINISTRATION ♦ DIVINITY ♦ EDUCATION



McGreer Hall, one of five Men's residences on the Campus

*For Calendars giving information regarding courses, entrance requirements, fees, etc., write to:*

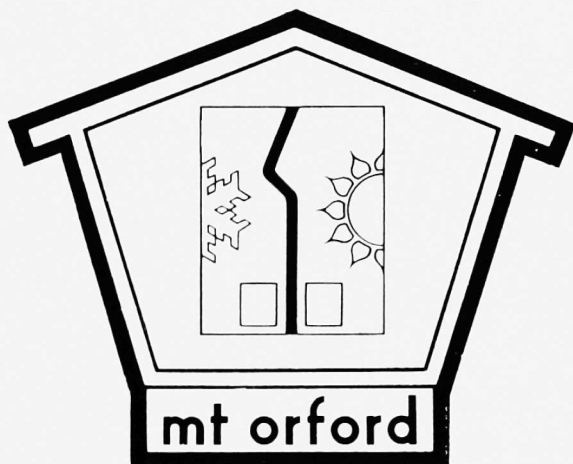
THE REGISTRAR  
BISHOP'S UNIVERSITY,  
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

*Compliments of*

LIMBO LIMITED

Compliments of a Friend

*... see the Eastern Townships from the summit of 2,800 ft. Mount Orford ... ride a comfortable double chairlift to a never to be forgotten sightseeing tour ... opens May 15th, through October 1st.*



*Information:* P.O. BOX 248  
MAGOG, QUE.  
TEL. (819) 843-5688

Compliments

de

Bonhomme

Carnaval

*Compliments of*

LA PAYSANNE  
MOTEL



LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

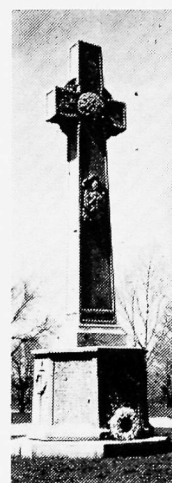
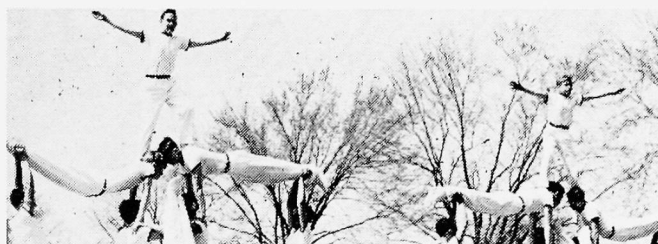
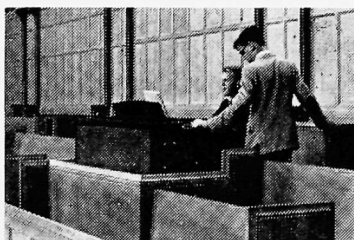
*Canada's largest museum  
displays the arts of man  
and the record of nature  
through the ages.*

OPEN 10 A.M. TO 5 P.M. MONDAY TO SATURDAY  
1 TO 5 P.M. SUNDAY

Avenue Road at Bloor Street, in Toronto



# This is T.C.S.



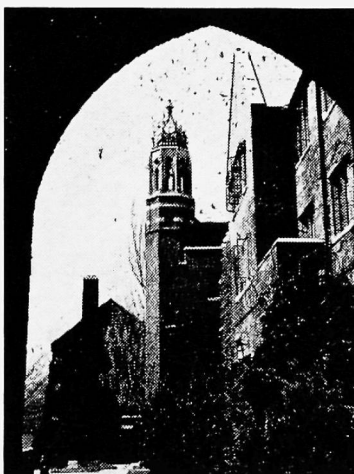
No words or pictures can fully describe all that goes on at this famous boarding school in the country. Because it goes on *within* a boy.

Your son, perhaps. You may not notice the change at first. But underneath you will find that his associations here—among his T.C.S. companions and especially with the masters—are introducing him in a practical way to the values of goodness, truth, honour, loyalty, self-control and hard work.

On the playing field and in the classroom, T.C.S. stresses character development within a disciplined community. A boy learns to think . . . and to act accordingly.

This is indeed a school for "the whole boy". And the time to take up residence is in the formative years—Boulden House for younger boys starts with Grade 6.

If you are interested, or would like to have an informative brochure on T.C.S., write to the Headmaster, Angus C. Scott, M.A.



## T.C.S.

Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ontario • A distinctively Canadian school since 1865.

To the Teachers:

Congratulations on a job well done

A Father

From all parts of the world  
girls gather at Compton,  
To study and play  
and do right without promptin'  
I thank you, Miss Gillard,  
on behalf of all fathers.  
I wish you could cope  
with our daughters' young brathers!

(Anonymous)

*Compliments of*

# L. LAVIGNE LIMITED

AUTHORIZED BOTTLERS OF

- PEPSI-COLA
- NESBITTS



- SNOW WHITE
- SCHWEPPES Products

2685 GALT WEST

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

USE **United** BRAND

CARBON PAPER AND TYPEWRITER RIBBONS

PRINTING AND EMBOSSING

LEGAL FORMS

OFFICE FURNITURE AND SUPPLIES

OUR SCHOOL WHOLESALE DIVISION SPECIALIZES

IN SCHOOL SUPPLIES AND SCHOOL PRINTING

## UNITED STATIONERY Co. *Limited*

TELEPHONE EM 3-4383

688 RICHMOND ST. W.

TORONTO 3, ONT.

*Compliments of*

# FELIX SHALOM

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA

SOUTH AMERICA



COMPLIMENTS

OF

*Tandalee Farms*



**SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY  
AND DRY CLEANERS LTD.**

353 FRONTENAC ST., SHERBROOKE, QUE. TEL. 562-2633

A FRIEND

*Compliments of*

*Esmond*  
**MILLS LIMITED**  
**GRANBY QUEBEC**

- BAGGAGES • HAND BAGS
- LEATHER GOODS • GIFTS

*J. A. Pigeon Enr.*

TEL. 562-3424



142 WELLINGTON N. SHERBROOKE, QUE.

To the Matrics  
of '65

from

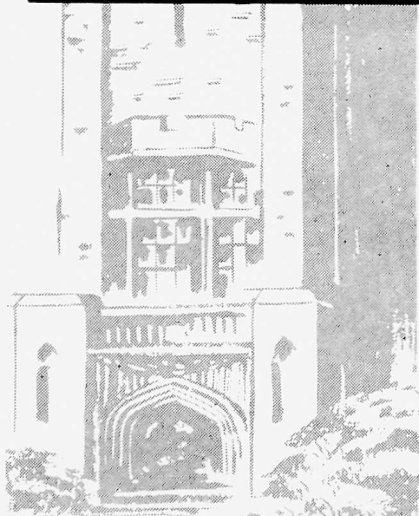
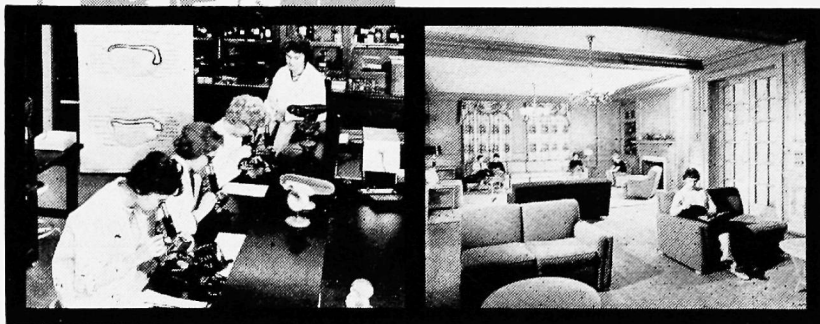
Chris and Dan

(and the whole crew down  
at St. George's,  
Rhode Island, U.S.A.)





To  
young  
women



"Girls have curious minds  
and fain would know the end of  
everything."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

*You may obtain detailed information  
concerning the fine educational  
facilities of this university by  
writing to:*

THE REGISTRAR  
THE UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO  
LONDON, CANADA

The UNIVERSITY of  
WESTERN ONTARIO

*Compliments of*

Byers, McDougall, Casgrain & Stewart

ADVOCATES

507 Place d'Armes

Montreal, P.Q.

*Viva vacaciones*

*en el verano*

*en Venezuela !*

*Compliments of*

*Chez Opette*  
GENUINE

*Corsets and Wool Shop*

16 WELLINGTON STREET NORTH

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

Compliments of a friend

Boo! Hoo! from the lamenting VA's



# OFFICIAL WHITE KING'S HALL BLAZERS

MADE - TO - MEASURE



MAKERS OF SPORTSLINE ACTION STYLED BLAZERS

*for*

**Curling • Tennis • Golf • Lawn Bowling and Team Sports**

*Write for Prices and Self-Measuring Order Form*

## **RICHARDSON SPORT TOGS**

546 YONGE STREET

TORONTO, ONTARIO

COMPLIMENTS  
OF  
BRACKENWOOD  
STUDIO

COOKSVILLE

ONTARIO

*Compliments of*

P L A S T I C O S

RALCO

RALCO LTDA.

BARRANQUILLA, COLOMBIA

Compliments of Butler Insurance

Compliments of

McLEAN KENNEDY LIMITED

BEST WISHES FROM

THE UNIMAGINATIVE TREE PEEL - ERS



COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

A & E OR E & A

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

GOOD LUCK

TO THE

VIB's NEXT YEAR



COMPLIMENTS OF A FATHER

GOOD LUCK

*from*

Tory and Debbie

*Compliments of*

NORMAN SPALDING

PLUMBER

COMPTON, P. Q.

THIS SPACE HAS BEEN CONTRIBUTED BY

# THE DE HAVILLAND AIRCRAFT OF CANADA, LIMITED

*manufacturers of*

BEAVER AIRCRAFT

TURBO-BEAVER AIRCRAFT

OTTER AIRCRAFT

CARIBOU AIRCRAFT

BUFFALO AIRCRAFT

THE 400 HYDROFOIL SHIP

SATELLITES AND SPACE EQUIPMENT

# HEDGEROWS FARM

Registered Aberdeen Angus

WEST CORNWALL, CONNECTICUT



*Visitors Welcome*

COMPLIMENTS OF

Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Griffin

BEST WISHES TO THE 6 A's

*COMPLIMENTS OF*

DR. AND MRS. HERBERT E. JONES  
AND FAMILY

TO THE TEACHER WHO ALWAYS CATCHES  
US HANGING FROM THE CEILING.

Room 24



*Compliments of*

Booth Brick Company  
Limited



*Compliments of*

*Allatt's*

BAKERY LIMITED

878 QUEEN BOULEVARD N.

SHERBROOKE, QUE.

TELEPHONE 705-654-3523

WM. SPENCLEY & SON

COTTAGE CARE AND MAINTENANCE  
BOAT RENTAL, ICE, PROPANE, BAIT

BURLEIGH FALLS

STONY LAKE, Ont.

*Compliments of*

**LAWCO<sup>®</sup> PRODUCTS**

OTTAWA, ONT.

*To Muffy*

*with*

*Luffy*

*Compliments of*

**A. PRATT and SON**

COBOURG, ONTARIO

CANTON, ONTARIO

GOOD LUCK

TO ALL THE

VIB's

FROM THE PECASUS



# *Cold Creek Farm*

Headquarters for Canadian-bred

SANTA GERTRUDIS • BEEF CATTLE

EARL DYBALL, MGR.

R.R. 2, WOODBRIDGE, ONT.

*Compliments of*

**Wire Rope Industries of Canada Limited**

You can tell  
  
when you are  
  
on the  
  
right road  
  
—it's upgrade

To the  
  
Cottage  
  
Rascals

Montcalm,  
  
what a house!!

W. M.

---

CONSULT US *for*

PRINTING . LITHOGRAPHY  
PAPER BOXES . OFFICE SUPPLIES  
AND FURNITURE.

*in Sherbrooke since 1902.*

PAGE-SANGSTER PRINTING CO., LIMITED • 406 MINTO ST., SHERBROOKE, QUE.

---

*Compliments of*

HARRIS FUELS

O T T A W A

**Rexall**

YOUR FRIENDLY REXALL DRUG STORE

FEATURES HAIR CARE PREPARATIONS

AND COSMETICS

*by*

***Tiffany, Cara Nome and Adrienne***



*Compliments of*

**CARRIS REELS, INC.**

PLYWOOD REELS AND SPOOLS

P.O. Box 696

RUTLAND, VERMONT

*Compliments of*

**George W. Lamplough**

IMPORTERS OF

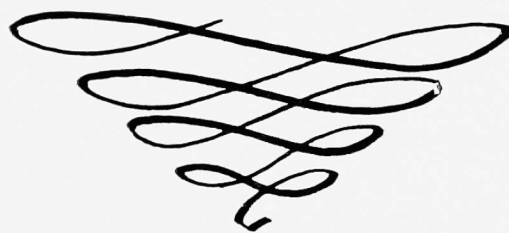
**FINE CUTLERY**

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND



... IS

OUR PRODUCT



**For  
your  
charter  
TRIPS  
call**

**Transcar**  
— CO. —

**Sherbrooke**

**562-4761**

BEST  
WISHES  
FROM  
A  
TORONTO  
FRIEND

*Compliments of*

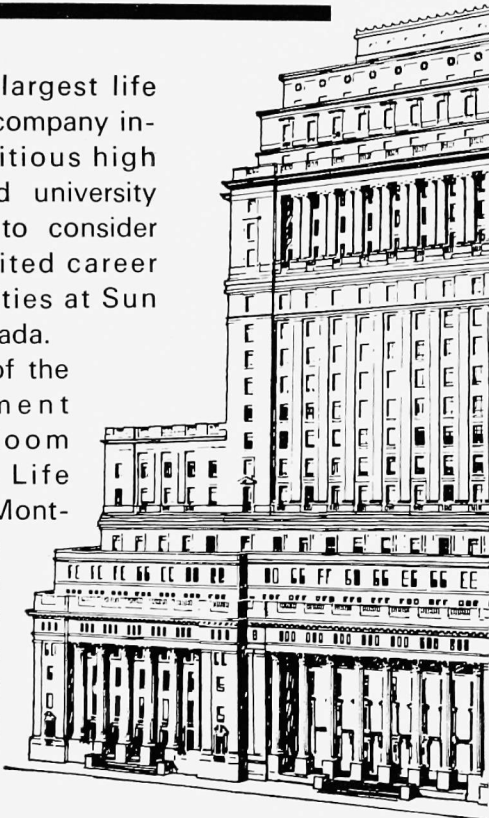
## ***HOTEL ABBOTSFORD INC.***

REGENT PAQUETTE, MGR.

ABBOTSFORD, QUEBEC

Canada's largest life insurance company invites ambitious high school and university graduates to consider the unlimited career opportunities at Sun Life of Canada.

The staff of the Employment Office, Room 320, Sun Life Building, Montreal, will be pleased to interview members of your graduating class.



# **SUN LIFE**

## **ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA**

A MUTUAL COMPANY

COMPLIMENTS

OF A

FRIEND

*Best wishes to the Matrics 1965*



MOLSON & COMPANY  
L I M I T E D

MEMBERS  
MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE  
TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE  
INVESTMENT DEALERS ASSOCIATION  
OF CANADA

MONTREAL - TORONTO



J. C. COWANS  
ANDY

J. N. MORTON  
CINDY

R

R

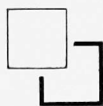
TELEPHONE 569-3601-2-3

***Clark's*** PHARMACY REG'D  
D. M. PATRICK, L.Ph.

*Prescription*



*Specialists*



111 QUEEN STREET

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.

QUEBEC

R

R



## Ode to the Graduating Class

*If you happen to be in the class graduating,  
You're kind of caught up in a wave undulating,  
One minute you're up, next minute you're down,  
In one subject you're great, in another a clown.*

*Of one thing you're sure many years later,  
Compared to school days there'll be nothing greater,  
But right now you're sure you're about to be sprung  
From a life that's so grim you'd rather be hung.*


*So good luck to Judy L., Jill and Lee,  
To Barb, Jeannie and Vivian G.,  
To Sue, Sarah, Joy and Di,  
All the girls who wear the school tie.*

*To Muffy, Jill F., Char and Judy,  
Margol, Mary, Sydney and Suzie,  
To the Joannie's M., A., and E.,  
To Wendy, Cathy and Sara P.*

*To Freedy, Andy, Bev and Denise,  
I'm sure you'll all pass your matrics. with ease.  
Thanks to the teachers, Miss Gillard and Miss Keyzer  
For making you all a great deal wiser.*

*The thing that inspires me these verses to write  
Are the four years I've watched all your faces so bright,  
Through studies and troubles you've managed to grin  
So I know that each one of you will go on to win.*

A hopeful father  
with help from a ghost writer.





## *It's a tree country*

The forests are Canada's most valuable source of wealth — more important to our economy than the nation's great mining, steel and agriculture industries.

Paper, pulp, lumber and other products that flow from Canada's forests account for almost one-quarter of our country's exports.

All Canadians benefit from the nation's resources — and all Canadians have the duty to protect and preserve these resources.



# man's best friend



**BANK OF MONTREAL**  
*Canada's First Bank*





**INTERESTED  
IN A  
RETAILING CAREER?**

**MORGAN'S**

**WELCOMES GRADUATES**

Our expanding organization is constantly looking for graduates of executive calibre seeking careers in

- Merchandising • Sales Management
- Buying • Accounting and Control
- Credit Management • Advertising
- Display • Personnel administration
- Plant and Building management

As part of an organization that extends from coast to coast, a career at Morgan's can offer a wide variety of opportunities. We invite you to discuss your future plans with us, and our Employment Department will be pleased to arrange an interview.

**Telephone VI 4-1515, local 627**



COMPLIMENTS OF

**Parke & Parke**  
LIMITED  
PRESCRIPTION PHARMACISTS



HAMILTON  
BURLINGTON  
ONTARIO

*Compliments of*

# **Asbestos Corporation Limited**

**THETFORD MINES, QUE.**

This page is specially  
donated to all  
contributors to whom  
we extend our  
sincere thanks and  
appreciation.

**Portfolio Management**  
**Since 1921**



MEMBER:

THE INVESTMENT DEALERS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA

THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE



*Kenneth B. Andras*

*Sidney C. Hetherington*

*H. William Hatch*

*John A. Boyd*

*Charles T. Shepherd*

*Frederick H. Schmidt*

**320 Bay Street**  
**T O R O N T O**

Cable Address MARMAC

Tel. EMpire 3-9151



*Compliments of*

STANDARD CHEMICAL  
LIMITED

1010 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST

MONTREAL, P.Q.

*A FOND FAREWELL*

*COMPLIMENTS*

*FRIENDS*

“ FERNLEDGE ”

KNOWLTON, P.Q.

*Compliments of*

D. R. McMASTER

129 ST. JAMES ST. WEST

MONTREAL 1, P.Q.

*Compliments of*

**W. COFFEY**

**CUSTOM FLY-TYING AND FISHING TACKLE**

A Division of Stumol Company Limited

TELEPHONE: 861-6041



Room 1004

485 MCGILL STREET, MONTREAL 1, QUE.

COMPLIMENTS OF

St. Lawrence Steel & Wire

COMPANY LIMITED



GANANOQUE, ONTARIO

A FRIEND

COMPLIMENTS OF

**DONALD ROPES & WIRE CLOTH LIMITED**

HAMILTON, CANADA





This father  
would rather  
be he  
than she  
his daughter,  
lamb for slaughter,  
I. E. a matric

but anyway good luck  
to all of you

From FARAWAY CARACAS

*With the compliments*

*of*

**J. H. Price & Associates, Ltd.**



*Compliments of*

*Butler-Dooley, Clark & Stark*

*Chartered Accountants*

*KITCHENER, ONT.*

*Compliments of*

JOSE CARIDI

**INDUSTRIAS CONSOLIDADAS LTDA.**

**GRIFERIA CROMADA**

ACCESORIOS SANITARIOS

Y VALVULAS DE CONTROL EN GENERAL

REGADERAS PARA IRRIGACION

BARRANQUILLA - Colombia, S.A.

Calle 85, Carrera 79 Esq.

Cable y Telégrafo:

" I N C O N "

Apartado Aéreo 1117

Teléfonos:

47408 y 47409

*Compliments of*

**C. E. SAVARY**

GENERAL STORE



COMPTON, QUE.

Compliments

of a

Friend



SOVEREIGN FILM

DISTRIBUTORS LTD.

REPRESENTING THROUGHOUT CANADA

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

AND

Walt Disney Productions



BRANCHES:

ST. JOHN  
MONTREAL

TORONTO  
WINNIPEG

CALGARY  
VANCOUVER

*Compliments of*

# Lynne Wood Riding Club



RAWDON, QUEBEC

COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND

*Compliments of*

**Stinson Ford Sales Inc.**

**Rutland, Vermont**

**U.S.A.**



*Compliments of*

# **The Anchor Packing Company Limited**

LARGEST CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS OF MECHANICAL PACKINGS,

MOULDED RUBBER SEALS, CUT GASKETS, PLASTIC LAMINATES

*and*

# **JOSEPH ROBB & CO., LIMITED**

CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS OF INDUSTRIAL PISTON RINGS,

KLINGER VALVES, COCKS AND LIQUID LEVEL GAUGES,

METALLIC ROD PACKINGS



*Congratulations*  
*and*  
*Best Wishes*  
*to*  
*the Graduating Class*



Mr. and Mrs. John N. Paterson

Compliments

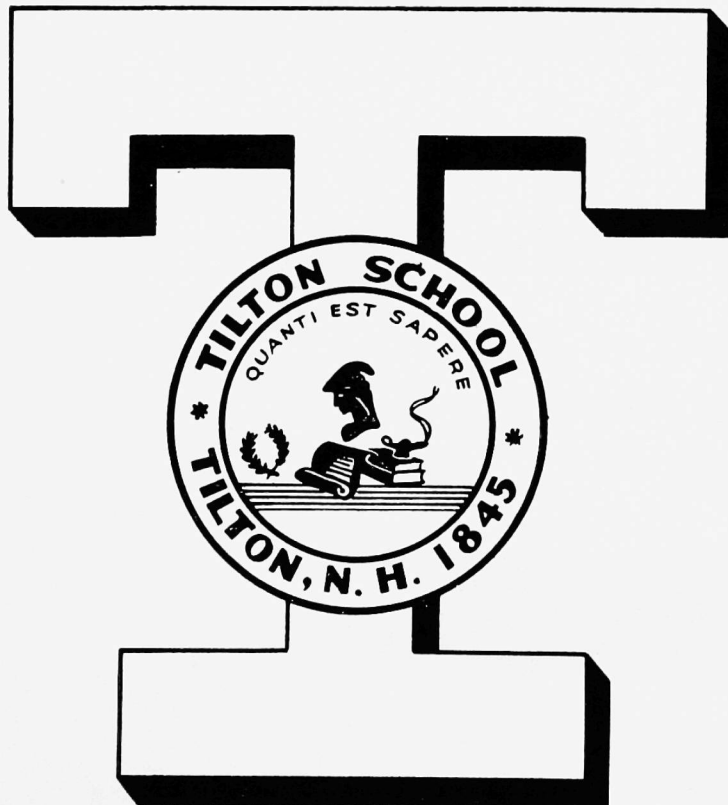
of a

Friend

best  
**tea**  
you  
ever  
tasted...



**MORSE'S**



**this is the one ...**

that savours the steak,  
that bakes the clam,  
that pans the pizza,  
that browns the burgers,  
that makes a party really great!  
(even graduation ones!)

## **Reynolds Wrap**

is a roll of  
bright ideas -  
that work!



